

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1824.

Art. I. *The Tragedies of Sophocles, translated into English Verse.*

By the Rev. Thomas Dale, B.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 8vo. 2 vols. Price 11.5s. London. 1824.

WAIVING the bootless inquiry into the feeble infancy or the rude beginnings of the Greek tragedy, we may consider the honour of being its father as incontestably belonging to Æschylus. There is a settled tone of traditional criticism, which has too long been prevalent concerning this stupendous poet, and it excited little surprise, therefore, to find Mr. Dale not uninfected by it. Till of late years, these superficial estimates of Æschylus have probably been the cause of his having been neglected even by scholars. But the tragic poet whose productions were prized even to idolatry by the Athenians, could not have been a poet who, to use Mr. Dale's expression, was 'at war with nature and probability.' It is well known, that they listened to him with such delight, that a special decree sanctioned the representation of his plays after the death of the author; an exemption that was never made in favour of any other of their dramatic writers.

One cause, perhaps, of the unjust preference of the other tragedians, which, from Quintilian's time to our own, has occasioned his being undervalued by critics, and neglected by scholars, seems to be the generally admitted difficulty of reading him. But we will venture to say, that this difficulty is more apparent than real. If he had come down to us in a state less mutilated, or had been always exhibited to us in a text as pure, and aided with notes as copious as those of Dr. Blomfield, the difficulty would have been considerably diminished, if not entirely removed. Added to this, it is certain that Æschylus affected a language which, even in his own days, was of a cast somewhat antiquated, and replete with

phrases which were either obsolete or of his own poetical coinage; and unluckily, these have never been satisfactorily explained by lexicographers. If he had been seen through a clearer medium, we will hazard our opinion, that pomp and sound would not have been considered as his chief attributes;—that his characters would be found to be strongly marked and well sustained, and their manners and sentiments, though invested with the highest tragic dignity, true to the noble simplicity of the heroic age. His style, not considered merely as his mode of composition, but as his mode of conception, is grand, severe, occasionally harsh. He wants the proportions, the grace, and perhaps the harmony of Sophocles; but he is not vague, diffuse, and effeminate like Euripides; nor do his details, like those of the latter poet, ever destroy the majesty and uniformity of the whole.

Æschylus was the creator of tragedy, which, contrary to the usual analogy of the other arts, seems, in Greece, to have had no infancy, but to have leaped from his genius, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter. In his hands, it received all the splendour which the decorations of the theatre and all 'the pomp and circumstance' of music and dancing could bestow. He himself, we are informed, did not disdain to take a part in his own tragedies. He was the first poet who introduced a regular and developed dialogue. He finishes his characters with a few simple but vigorous strokes, and his plots are of the easiest solution imaginable. Terror is his predominant passion. He does not appear so much at home with human beings as with gods. He gives them a lofty and preternatural language, suitable to their natures; and to this characteristic of his drama, are perhaps owing the sudden transitions, the long chain of epithets, and, in the lyric passages, the heterogeneous confusion of epithets, for which it is remarkable. He is full also of moral sentences, but they are always well-timed and appropriate: they do not, like those of Euripides, proceed with a sort of pedantic gravity from the mouths of servants and insignificant personages, but are always befitting the dignity of the speaker. In ease and perspicuity, he may be contrasted with Sophocles: the reader has no difficulties to encounter beyond words of rare occurrence. His numbers flow most harmoniously, and the rich vein of poetry which pervades his scenes, amply atones for a few turgid expressions. In the following observations on his great rival, we are, with a few exceptions, disposed to coincide with Mr. Dale.

* The improvements introduced by Sophocles into the drama, consisted principally in the superior dexterity with which he formed the

plots of his tragedies, and the relation which he made the Chorus bear to the main action of the piece. The plots of Æschylus were extremely rude and inartificial; often at war with nature, and sometimes scarcely reconcileable with possibility. Sophocles studied nature. If he was not so conversant as his predecessor with the imaginary world; if he did not invest with such superhuman attributes the heroes whom a superstitious veneration had exalted into gods; at least he approached nearer to the true standard of mortality, and raised his characters to that precise elevation, where they would neither be too lofty to excite sympathy, nor so familiar as to incur contempt. He never violates probability to produce effect; and if his heroes are less imposing and sublime, they are, at the same time, more interesting and natural than those of Æschylus. The part, also, which he causes the Chorus to sustain in the action, imparts a peculiar finish to the piece. In short, whoever would contemplate the Greek drama in the meridian of its perfection, must contemplate it in the tragedies of Sophocles.

For, whatever be the merits of Euripides, (who was born about fourteen years after Sophocles, and commenced his theatrical career at the early age of eighteen,) however high be his reputation for pathos and purity of moral sentiment, he can hardly be said to have contributed, in any degree, towards the perfection of the drama. His method of opening his plays by a species of Prologue, in which one of the principal characters tells the audience what may be very proper for them to know, but is not quite so proper for him or her to communicate, cannot be called an *improvement*; in fact, generally speaking, nothing can be more unnatural and extravagant. His plots are sometimes even more barren and improbable than those of Æschylus; his catastrophe occasionally feeble, and not seldom ridiculous. He is, it must be acknowledged, full of solemn and sententious maxims, but even these are frequently introduced in so awkward a manner, that their effect is materially invalidated, if not totally lost; while, by Sophocles, though of rarer occurrence, they are invariably displayed to the greatest advantage. Euripides interrupts the progress of his action for the sole purpose of obtruding a prolix and unseasonable moral dissertation. Sophocles, with better judgement and more striking effect, deduces the moral from the event. In short, respecting the rival merits of these three great poets, we can hardly venture to differ from Aristophanes, who, in compliance with the common sentiment of the people, assigned the first place to Æschylus, the second to Sophocles, and the last to Euripides; though we may, perhaps, be pardoned for suggesting a doubt whether Æschylus would have been considered the greatest, had he not been the first.

pp. xiv—xvii.

Is not the doubt just suggested by Mr. Dale unworthy of a scholar who has learned to class with clearness and precision the different characteristics of the great masters? There is undoubtedly more grace, more of a subdued majesty, more pathos in Sophocles; but, in the wild, irregular flights of a

great and creative genius, the consenting voice of all critics, and of those who can feel and judge better than critics, places him below the Father of Greek Tragedy.

Sophocles attained an advanced age : for the greater part of his life, he was contemporary with *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, the latter of whom he survived. In his early youth, he disputed the prize with the former. He was of a wealthy and respected family, a native of the most enlightened country of Greece, was endowed with personal beauty and every mental accomplishment, and a length of years was granted to him, far exceeding the usual bounds of mortality. All that can administer to human enjoyment, the sweets of early fame, the honours which embellished his declining years, domestic love, the respect of his fellow citizens,—such are the singular distinctions which mark the personal history of the poet of *Colonus*. His first tragedy was represented in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his reputation continued to increase till his ninetieth. Some of his latest works are among the best. The *Œdipus at Colonus* was the production of his advanced age, and he died, we are told, while in the act of finishing one of his tragedies ; like the old swan of *Apollo*, breathing his last sigh into his song. The fabulous tradition, that the sack of *Athens* was suspended to afford the Athenians a day for celebrating his obsequies, is at least a testimony to the unbounded veneration paid to his character.

The plays of *Sophocles* are more elaborated than those of *Æschylus*. Besides curtailing the lyrical parts by reducing the chorus to a due proportion relative to the dialogue, he introduced a more polished rhythm, and gave more personages to his drama. In one respect, unlike *Æschylus*, his religious feeling seems to have excluded Divine personages from his drama. But his human characters have a more dignified port, a more heroic and noble bearing than belongs to humanity. They are grand, but ideal sketches of our nature.

If *Sophocles* composed, as we are told, no fewer than one hundred and thirty tragedies, time has made unusual havoc with his works, for seven only remain to us ; but, according to the concurring voice of antiquity, they would appear to be those which were the most admired ; as, for instance, the *Antigone*, the two *Œdipus's*, and the *Electra*. What is more, they have been preserved in their original purity. *Brunck*, indeed, has taken a few injudicious liberties with his text, but, upon the whole, he has been alike uninjured by the hand of time, and unmutated by conjectural critics. It would be difficult, out of six of his pieces, (for the *Trachiniæ* is probably the work of another tragedian,) to determine which is

the best. The *Œdipus Tyrannus* is admirable for the steady and regular development of its plot: a series of irresistible causes leads to a dreadful but anticipated catastrophe, which we look for from the beginning with a sort of troubled expectation. The *Philoctetes* is remarkable for truth of character. Three heroes are placed in admirable contrast to each other; and such is the simple but perfect structure of the drama, that these persons are nearly all its agents. Yet they speak and act from feelings and motives so truly natural, that no dramatic composition inspires a deeper interest. Indeed, each individual piece of Sophocles has a peculiar excellence. *Antigone* is a beautiful sketch of a woman who unites the courage of a hero with the softness and meekness of feminine virtue. But the *Œdipus at Colonos* has a certain character of unaffected pathos and moral grandeur which in some respects renders it superior to them all.

Mr. Dale begins with the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, judiciously, we think, but contrary to the common order. His prefatory remarks on this play are equally just and elegant, and it were an injustice to the Translator not to give a short extract from them.

‘Indeed, when we consider the admirable dexterity which is evinced in the mechanism of the piece, the mutual consistency and harmonious combination of its parts, the gradual and progressive development of the various circumstances which unite to elicit the catastrophe, it must be acknowledged that this tragedy is absolutely perfect. Not an incident occurs, however trivial in appearance, which does not conduce to some appropriate and important end; not a character is introduced which does not sustain some part of vital and essential interest in the grand business of the drama. The poet never loses sight of the *end* in the prosecution of the *means*. If a momentary hope be excited, it tends but to deepen the impending and inevitable despair; if a ray of light dart rapidly athwart the gloom, it only displays, in all its horror, the approaching “blackness of darkness.” The denunciations of *Œdipus* against the criminal, so worded from the first as to apply peculiarly to himself; the ambiguous response brought by *Creon* from the oracle of *Delphi*; the reluctant compliance of *Tiresias* with the first summons of the monarch, as though he were constrained by some mighty and mysterious agency, which he vainly struggled to control; his subsequent vehemence of prophetic indignation; the profane and arrogant exultation which bursts from *Jocasta* on the apparent confutation of the oracle by the death of *Polybus*; the faint solitary hope, to which the shuddering monarch clings in that pause of agonising suspense, while he is awaiting the arrival of the Theban slave; the resistless and overwhelming conviction which flashes upon his soul at the clear, unequivocal testimony of this last fatal witness; all these circum-

stances are successively described in a manner so lively and natural, that the interest never languishes for an instant. We are prepossessed from the first in favour of the unhappy prince; we feel with him and for him; we are continually agitated between hope and fear; and, though we know from the beginning that the catastrophe is inevitable, we are scarcely less startled and surprised by the appalling discovery, than if it had been totally unexpected and unforeseen.

Another point in which the poet has displayed his consummate acquaintance with the nicest refinement of his art, is the delineation of the character of Œdipus. Had this devoted monarch been represented altogether without blemish, we might have pitied his sorrows, but we could not have sympathised with them; had he been portrayed as an utterly abandoned criminal, we could neither have sympathised with him nor pitied him. We feel, comparatively, but little interest in characters which rise far above, or sink greatly below, the common level of mankind: the former excite our indifference,—the latter our disgust. But Œdipus, unlike the heroes of modern tragedy, neither sins like a demon, nor suffers like a god. He is in all things a perfectly human character, a being of like passions with ourselves, not free from faults, yet “more sinned against than sinning,”—not wholly undeserving of censure, yet far more unfortunate than culpable. Such is man. *Mentem mortalia tangunt.*

We cannot, however, forbear to record our dissent from one eulogy of Sophocles, which, notwithstanding, has been pronounced by no mean authority. “Never,” it has been said, “was there a tale more affecting than that of Œdipus, and never was it told more pathetically than by Sophocles.” In the former part of this panegyric we cannot acquiesce; on the contrary, we consider the tale, on which the drama is founded, as altogether repugnant and revolting to the best and finest feelings of our nature; and in no one instance is the genius of Sophocles so transcendently triumphant, as in the consummate address with which he has treated a subject calculated, in less powerful hands, to awaken only the strongest emotions of horror, indignation, and disgust. But the master-spirit of the great poet has tempered the revolting details of his plot with so much pure human feeling, such pathetic and redeeming benevolence, that our sympathy is never for an instant checked by abhorrence, or superseded by disgust. We forget the crimes of Œdipus in his misfortunes; nor do we so much regard the murderer, the parricide, the *τὸ πονηρὸς ὑπὸ σπορὸς*, as the dethroned monarch,—the blind, self-devoted, and despairing outcast,—the affectionate and miserable father, who, though his children survive, is yet worse than childless, for they only survive to misery, and of that misery *he* is the cause.

Vol. I. pp. 6—10.

Schlegel imagined that he had discovered a concealed sense in this noble tragedy. ‘This Œdipus,’ says he, ‘who has divined the enigma proposed by the Sphynx upon the general destiny of mankind, is the unfortunate being to whom his own destiny remains inexplicable, till it receives, at the end of

‘ the piece, its terrific solution. A striking image of human wisdom, which loses itself in vague, unprofitable generalities, without enlightening or guiding the mortal who is endowed with it!’ There is an improbability in the plot, on which Mr. Dale has made no remark. Laius, king of Thebes, having been informed by an oracle, that his wife Jocasta should become the mother of a son who should prove his murderer, enjoined her to destroy her infant as soon as it should be born. The queen, from maternal tenderness, refused to execute the mandate to its full extent, but delivered her child to a slave with a charge to expose it on the mountains, who, in obedience to her directions, bored its feet, and suspended it by the heels from a tree in the forests of Mount Cithæron. Here it was found by a shepherd of Polybus, king of Corinth, who untied the child, and presented it to his master. The king and queen of Corinth being childless, adopt it, give it the name of Œdipus in allusion to the holes in his feet, and bring him up with the utmost care and tenderness as their son and the heir to the throne of Corinth. Now it is assuredly very singular, that Œdipus should never have heard of the circumstances attending the death of Laius, and that the marks in his feet, or even his name, should not have suggested some suspicions to Jocasta, that he was her son. But this is an improbability which does not in the slightest degree (such are the powers of the poet) interfere with the general integrity of his design. Probably, he himself saw and disdained to remove it, intent upon the final and general effect of the drama, which such petty incongruities could not in the least impede.

Potter's translation of this play may be commended for its general excellence, and for the elegance and beauty in the choral parts, which pervade his whole version. But we required a more literal transcript of Sophocles; and this, we think, is the general merit of Mr. Dale. We fear, however, that although he adheres in many instances, (not in all,) with more fidelity to the Greek in the chorusses, than his predecessor, he does not uniformly sustain an equal elevation of poetry. We insert the first monostrophies in the Œdipus Tyrannus from Mr. Dale's work.

Chorus.

STROPHE I.

‘ Sweet-breathing voice of Jove, what fateful word
Bring'st thou to Thebes from Delphi's golden shrine?
Troubled in soul, I quake with awe divine!
O Pæan, Power of healing, most adored
In Delos' hallowed isle, THOU wak'st my fear!
What dread decree, remote or near,

Shall thy prophetic voice proclaim?
Say, child of golden Hope, imperishable Fame!

ANTISTROPHE I.

' Daughter of Jove, immortal Pallas! hear
The suppliant vows that first to thee are paid;
Thy sister Dian next, earth-ruling maid,
Who 'mid the forum her proud throne doth rear;
And the far-darting Phœbus! Mighty Three!
Appear—avert our misery!
If from our Thebes her former woe
Your guardian-care dispelled, O come to aid us now!

STROPHE II.

' Alas! unnumbered ills we bear;
Dismay and anguish reign
Through all our state; and wisdom's care
Strives, 'mid dejection and despair,
To bring relief in vain.
Nor ripen now the fruits of earth,
Nor mothers, in th' untimely birth,
The struggling throes sustain.
Swift as the wild bird's rapid flight,
Or flames that flash through circling night,
Unnumbered spectres sink, a joyless train,
To the dark shores of Pluto's dreary reign.

ANTISTROPHE II.

' Thus doth th' unpeopled city sigh,
Wide o'er whose pavements spread
The lifeless heaps unheeded lie,
Ungraced with pious obsequy,
Or tear in pity shed.
Matrons and wives, a mournful band,
Suppliant around the altars stand;
With groans of piercing dread,
Their votive strains to heaven ascend,
And sighs with louder pæans blend.
Bright daughter of the Mightiest! fair-eyed Maid,
Rise in thy might, and send thy people aid!

STROPHE III.

' This ruthless power, who, raging round,
Clad in no panoply of war,
Inflicts a deeper, deadlier wound—
O drive him from our land afar
In backward flight, or where the wave
Hides Amphitrite's trackless cave;
Or where the restless whirlwinds roar
On Thracia's bleak and barbarous shore.

If aught survives the baleful night,
 'Tis blasted by the morning-light.
 Oh Thou, who roll'st red lightnings in thine ire,
 Smite with thy vengeful bolt the foe, Eternal Sire !

ANTISTROPHE III.

‘ And from thy bright and golden bow
 Speed the keen shafts, Lycæan King !
 The shafts that ever strike the foe,
 These in thy people's succour wing ;
 Thou, Dian, lift thy beams of light
 On us, as on Lycæum's height ;
 Thee too, with golden mitre crowned,
 Whose name exalts thy Thebes renowned ;
 Thee, Bacchus, flushed with wine's deep hue,
 Whose path th'infuriate Nymphs pursue ;
 On thee I call ; be thy red torches driven
 To crush this fatal Pest, this Power abhorred in heaven.’

Vol. I. pp. 22—25.

This is as literal as possible ;—too literal, perhaps, to be highly poetic. But we think that the ‘ circling’ or ‘ round’ throne dedicated to Diana in the forum, ought to have been substituted for the general and unmeaning epithet of ‘ proud.’

‘ ἡ κυκλοῖντ' ἀγορᾶς
 Θρόνον ἐκλεα θασσιν.’

Where Œdipus imprecates a curse on all who should harbour the murderer of Laius, we regret that Mr. Dale rejects the emendation of Brunck, γῆραιτο μὴ ἢ ξυνιδότης ; for Œdipus was bound by the laws of Grecian hospitality to protect him, had he sought his palace for an asylum. But the response of the oracle takes the case out of the general rule ; and of such consequence is it to discover the murderer of Laius, that the wretch is declared to be not intitled to hospitality. The meaning of the passage as altered by Brunck, is, ‘ I invoke the same curse on him, even if he be resident in my own family.’ We are therefore disposed to read ξυνιδότης for ουνιδότης. In another chorus, τα μισομπαλα γᾶς would have been more poetically, had it been more literally rendered. Delphi, where the shrine stood, was supposed by the ancients to be the *umbilicum* or navel of the earth ; and the same expression occurs frequently in Euripides. Milton uses it literally in *Comus*, ‘ In the navel of this wood.’ The Iambics of the dialogue are well rendered by Mr. Dale. The unutterable anguish which is conveyed in the strophe beginning *ἰὼ σκότει νίφος ἱμον*, after Œdipus has inflicted blindness on himself, has been well rendered by Potter, but with too frequent departures from the text of So-

phocles. It is correctly and elegantly done by Mr. Dale. Milton had this fine apostrophe before his eyes in Samson Agonistes.

STROPHE I.

'*Æd.* O thou dense cloud
Of black and baleful darkness, deepening round,
Boundless, eternal, and by hope uncheered!
Oh wretch, wretch, wretch! How piercing is the sting
Of frenzy, and the memory of the past!

'*Ch.* No marvel if, in agonies like thine,
Redoubled ills inflict a double wound.

ANTISTROPHE I.

'*Æd.* What! thou, my friend,
Thou only firm and faithful, who art still
Regardful of the blind?—O misery!
Though all is dark around me, still I hear,
I know thy friendly accents through my darkness.

'*Ch.* O wildly-daring, how couldst thou endure
To mangle thus thine eyes,—what god impelled thee?

STROPHE II.

'*Æd.* 'Twas Phœbus, Phœbus, O my friends, alone
Who wrought my doom of woe,
My hopeless agony;—
But this dark deed no hand, save mine, hath dared.
Yet what were sight to me,
For whom all Nature wears one hue of blackness?'

Vol. I. pp. 89, 90.

But one passage has been misunderstood by Mr. Dale, viz.

'How piercing is the sting
Of frenzy and the memory of the past.'

οἷον ἐσίδου μ' αἶμα
Κίντην τε τῶνδ' οἷσθημα, καὶ μνήμη κακῶν.

Ædipus is not expressing what he actually feels at the moment he speaks. He recurs to what he felt when he put out his eyes, and to the anguish by which he was impelled to that deed of despair. 'What goading phrensy, and at the same time (αἶμα) sad recollection of my calamities, came upon me, when I did the deed!' It is an unavailing repentance for his temerity. He alludes to it again, and, addressing the chorus, says:

Ὡς μὲν τὰδ' ἐκ ᾧδ' εἰς ἀγὺν ἀγασσάμενα
Μη μ' ἐκδιδάσσι.—κ. τ. λ.

'If void of wisdom I have done this deed,
Spare now reproof.'—

He alludes to his rashness in blinding himself again in *Œdipus Coloneus*.—We must extract a part of the just and sensible criticism of the Translator on the latter tragedy.

‘It constitutes,’ says Mr. Dale, ‘a most satisfactory and appropriate sequel to the “*Œdipus Tyrannus*,” inasmuch as it supplies that *moral* effect, in which its precursor is unquestionably deficient. To behold an individual, like *Œdipus*, suffering on account of crimes into which he had been unconsciously betrayed by the very means which he had taken to avoid them, is a painful, if not an unnatural spectacle; and we derive little or no instruction from the calamities of one, who is punished rather from the caprice of the gods, than for actual and deliberate transgression. But when we contemplate the same individual, as in the succeeding drama, enduring with patient resignation the unmerited anger of the deities, and looking only to a future state of existence for deliverance and repose, we are admonished in the most forcible manner, that, as it is the first duty of man to avoid the perpetration of crime, so the most acceptable expiation of guilt, is a meek and unrepining submission to its penalty.*

‘It may also be added, that if, according to the trite proverb, example be the most impressive and useful mode of instruction, then is this drama more than commonly instructive. For the characters which it delineates are of universal occurrence. If there are few monarchs, on whom it can devolve to imitate the dignified magnanimity of Theseus, there are many sufferers, who may practise the resignation of *Œdipus*, and many daughters, who may emulate the piety of Antigone. In reference to the last-mentioned character, indeed, we may unhesitatingly affirm, that in no one uninspired composition is there presented a more natural and affecting delineation of filial virtue, than is here depicted in the daughter of *Œdipus*.

‘But though the softer emotions—love, and tenderness, and pity—are the predominant characteristics of this tragedy, the poet, in his management of the catastrophe, has soared to the loftiest elevation of grandeur and sublimity. As the life of *Œdipus* had been extraordinary and eventful, so was his death to be awful and mysterious. He had not lived, neither could he die, like an ordinary mortal. He bore a “*charmed life* ;” a life exempted, as it were, from the common assaults of mortality, and only to be terminated by some signal and unprecedented interposition of Divinity. Such is indeed the “*dignus vindice nodus*,” which sanctions supernatural interference. Accordingly, the earth convulsed and trembling, the appalling and incessant thunder, the glare of lightning, and the howling of the storm, the solemn intervals of silence, in which the voice of some invisible messenger is heard to murmur from beneath a summons to the devoted monarch, the consternation even of the resolute and

* It is not quite clear, whether the Translator is here speaking in the character of a heathen, or in his own person; but we cannot for a moment suppose that the Rev. Mr. Dale has become converted to the theology of Sophocles.

intrepid Theseus, all these tend to produce a scene, which, for loftiness of conception and magnificence of execution, is not excelled by any relic of the Grecian drama, even in the compositions of the wild and terrific *Æschylus*.’ pp. 104—106.

The characteristic qualities of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* are no where more distinguishable than in this pathetic composition. Both the *Œdipus at Colonus*, and the *Eumenides* of the respective writers, had the same patriotic end in view; that of celebrating Athens as the sacred abode of justice and humanity, where human crimes, expiated by human sufferings, obtained pardon from the gods. In none of his dramas is the religious feeling of *Sophocles* more remarkably displayed. The gods have now admitted the innocence of *Œdipus*, driven into his career of involuntary guilt by that destiny to which even the gods were made to yield; and the unmerited misfortunes of his life are at length to be recompensed by the glory of his death. Hence, a soft religious calm is breathed around us, as soon as we approach the awful precincts of the consecrated grove of the venerable sisters. *Œdipus* at last finds repose, and that repose is mystically intimated in the solemn image of the hallowed ground. He is not stung with the upbraidings of guilt, for his deeds were involuntary, the stern, irreversible edicts of Fate; and he closes his eyes in serenity and peace in the very place from which the guilty hurried away with affright,—a place dedicated to those whom it was impious to name, and at whose shrine no eye durst gaze. In the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, Pallas is a majestic type of Athens,—of her moral culture, her equity, her intellectual wisdom, her gentleness and humanity. The poet endeavours to display the blessings with which Athens was crowned, to shew that misfortune found there a peaceful asylum, and that within her sacred walls, even the Furies themselves were softened to acts of gentleness and pity. But, the better to produce this effect, he begins by making our blood freeze with terror, and exhibits the direful sisters breathing vengeance and malediction to man. In the *Œdipus at Colonus*, on the contrary, the Furies are withdrawn from human sight; their very image is kept studiously at a distance; their names are not once pronounced. ‘But this obscurity,’ remarks Schlegel, ‘as it respects the daughters of Night, the dark and shadowy tints in which their awful powers are presented to us, create a secret horror in which the senses have no part. The sacred grove of the *Eumenides*, which the pencil of the poet has clad with the smiling verdure of a Grecian spring, enhances the melancholy charm of the fiction; and if I wished to portray the poesy of *Sophocles*

under one of its own emblems, I should represent it as the grove consecrated to the dark Goddess of Destiny, but at the same time embellished by the vine, the olive-tree, and the laurel, and echoing with the delightful song of the nightingale.*

The poetic diction in which Mr. Dale has endeavoured to give the English reader an idea of this tragedy, is grave, flowing, and elegant; and the enchanting chorus beginning

‘ Εὖίπυ, ξίφι, τῶσδε χορᾶς’

has suffered no injury in his hands. It is the most beautiful and most harmonious of the choral odes of Sophocles.

STROPHE I.

‘ Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,
Stranger, to this field of fame,
Birth-place of the generous steed,
Graced by white Colonus’ name.
Frequent in the dewy glade
Here the nightingale is dwelling;
Through embowering ivy’s shade,
Here her plaintive notes are swelling;
Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,
Where unnumbered fruits are blushing—
From the summer sun secure,
Screened from wintry whirlwinds rushing;
Where, with his fostering nymphs, amid the grove,
The sportive Bacchus joys to revel or to rove.

ANTISTROPHE I.

‘ Bathed in heaven’s ambrosial dew,
Here the fair narcissus flowers
Graced each morn with clusters new,
Ancient crown of Mightiest Powers;*
Here the golden crocus blows;
Here exhaustless fountains gushing,
Where the cool Cephissus flows,
Restless o’er the plains are rushing;
Ever as the crystal flood
Winds in pure transparent lightness;
Fresher herbage decks the sod,
Flowers spring forth in lovelier brightness;

* This line is chargeable with indistinctness, and does not, we apprehend, sufficiently point out the Furies, the μεγάλαι θεαιν, to whom the Narcissus is sacred. Mr. Dale has followed the Scholiast, but it is not clear, that Sophocles had the Furies in view, for the flower was also sacred to Ceres and Proserpine.

Here dance the Muses ; and the Queen of Love
Oft guides her golden car through this enchanting grove.

STROPHE II.

‘ What nor Asia’s rich domain,
Nor, by Pelops’ ancient reign
Famed afar, the Doric coast
Through its thousand vales can boast,—
Here, by mortal hands unsown,
Here, spontaneous and alone,
Mark the hallowed plant expand,
Terror of each hostile band !
Here, with kindly fruit mature,
Springs the azure olive pure ;
Youth and hoary age combine
To revere the plant divine ;
Morian Jove, with guardian care,
Watches ever wakeful there ;
And Athena’s eye of blue
Guards her own loved olive too.’ Vol. I. pp. 147—149.

The *Electra* is introduced with some elegant prefatory remarks.

‘ Every reader of the ancient Greek drama must be forcibly struck with the narrowness of the range within which the great Tragic writers appear to have been confined, as to the selection of their subjects. The misfortunes of the families of *Cædipus* and of *Atreus*, with a few other legends of the same stamp, supplied, in a great measure, that scanty fountain, out of which all were contented to draw. Thus, on the same basis are founded the *Electra* of *Sophocles*, the *Chœphoræ* of *Æschylus*, and the *Electra* of *Euripides*. Yet it may reasonably be doubted whether, in the present instance at least, this similarity of subject should not be attributed rather to a spirit of rivalry than a deficiency of materials. It is palpably evident, that *Euripides* intends to ridicule the manner in which *Æschylus* has managed the discovery of *Orestes* by his sister *Electra* ; and, consequently, that his drama must have been produced subsequently to that of his great predecessor. We may, therefore, pronounce, without much hesitation, that the *Chœphoræ* of *Æschylus* appeared first of the three, the *Electra* of *Sophocles* next, and the *Electra* of *Euripides* last.

‘ To decide between the merits of the two former compositions would be a task not less invidious than difficult. If the *Chœphoræ* of *Æschylus* is possessed of more striking beauties, the *Electra* of *Sophocles* has fewer and less glaring defects. If *Æschylus* rises into a sublimity which is never equalled by *Sophocles*, as in the relation of *Clytemnestra*’s dream at the tomb of *Agamemnon*, neither does *Sophocles* degenerate into absurd and inconsistent puerilities, as in the recognition of *Orestes* by his sister, by reason of the exact correspondence of their footsteps. In the one there is a strange mix-

ture of grandeur with meanness, elegance with coarseness, beauty with deformity—the other is uniformly polished, dignified, and chaste.

‘The point on which all the ancient dramatists have most strikingly failed, is the delineation of the female character. Whether in deference to the popular opinion respecting the sex, or in subservience to their own personal prejudices, it is not easy to decide; but the fact is certain, that, with the exception of our author’s *Antigone*, there are few, if any, of the softer sex, among the dramatic characters of the ancients, who are entitled to our unqualified approbation. The *Electra* of Sophocles is a haughty, high-spirited woman, impressed, according to the erroneous morality of that age, with a full persuasion that it was her solemn and imperative duty to avenge her father’s death by shedding the blood of her mother, by whom he had been treacherously murdered. For such vindictive and implacable resentment, our modern ladies will not—nor is it desirable that they should—make any allowance. In all other respects, as a sister and a friend, her character is calculated to excite an interest;—at least, so long as she is unfortunate, and until she becomes guilty.

‘The gradual development of incidents in this drama is admirably managed; indeed, it is here that Sophocles invariably excels. Orestes, after an absence of some years, revisits his native land, for the purpose of avenging the murder of his father, Agamemnon, accompanied by an attendant, who is the adviser and instigator of the deed. After feasting his eyes with the view of his much-loved country—

“*Dulces reminiscitur Argos*”—

the old man consults with him on the most politic mode of commencing operations. Though he hears the mourning accents of Electra, and longs to embrace her, yet he acquiesces in the prudent direction of his aged counsellor, and first obeys the command of Phœbus, in presenting offerings at his father’s tomb. The remorseless hatred and shameless effrontery of Clytemnestra, the politic servility of Chrysothemis, the dauntless intrepidity of Electra, and the generous sympathy of the Chorus, beautifully diversify the scene, and sustain the interest till tidings arrive that Orestes is no more. The manner in which this intelligence is received, is exquisitely characteristic of the different parties: Electra refuses all consolation, and, on the entrance of Orestes himself, disguised as the bearer of his own ashes, a scene ensues, which, for deep and pathetic interest, has no superior in the whole circle of tragic poetry. Taking the urn in her hands, Electra apostrophises her departed brother in terms of such tender lamentation, that Orestes can refrain no longer, but, impelled by the resistless impulse of nature, discovers himself to his sister. Nothing can be more finely imagined or more skilfully executed than this abrupt transition from the depth of misery and despair to the transports of affection and triumph. The exuberant joy of Electra, which cannot be restrained, but breaks forth even amidst the most important consultations, is infinitely more pleasing and natural than the cool composure with which she receives her returning brother,

in the dramas both of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*.' Vol. II. pp. 279—282.

Mr. Dale judiciously declines the comparison of the *Electra* of *Sophocles* with the *Chœphoræ* of *Æschylus*. The latter tragedy is evidently a part of a trilogy, or a drama of which the story is told in three successive tragedies. Of these, the first is the *Agamemnon*, whose fate had been pre-ordained and brought on by a concatenation of necessary events. The principal character of the piece is a woman, who surrenders herself to a guilty passion; and its conclusion is the unsatisfactory triumph of tyranny and crime. In the *Chœphoræ*, the action is partly ordained by *Apollo*, himself impelled by the resistless decrees of *Destiny*, and partly influenced by natural sentiments, the thirst of vengeance which agitates *Orestes*, and his fraternal affection for the unhappy *Electra*. When he has killed his mother, the conflict between two affections of equal force in his bosom begins; and as this dreadful struggle does not terminate with the drama, it must have left on the minds of the auditors a too painful impression. It is obvious, therefore, that the Poet did not intend that the drama should end there. It is in the *Eumenides*, that he gives the finishing stroke to it. All the interest created by the events which precede it, are in this tragedy concentrated. *Orestes* is now the mere instrument of fate: *Pallas* is the principal agent. The conflicting impulses of contradictory duties being too severe a trial for man, the question is carried by *Æschylus* before the equitable tribunal of the gods. If that great Poet was, as *Cicero* tells us, of the school of *Pythagoras*, it is not impossible that this noble play may contain the symbolical sense attributed to it by *Schlegel*. The ancient mythology was for the most part symbolical, but not allegorical;—two things widely distinct. Allegory is a pure fiction, in which imaginary beings personify and represent certain abstract ideas; whereas the symbol represents the idea by a sensible object. The *Titans*, according to the German critic, designate the primitive energies of the physical and moral world, still hidden in mysterious darkness. The new gods are the emblems of those physical or moral truths, of which we have acquired a clear perception. The former approximate to *Chaos*, the latter belong to a world already organized. The *Furies* represent the terrors of a guilty conscience. In vain does *Orestes* appeal to the powerful motives which impelled him;—the cry of blood still pursues him. *Apollo*, the god whose natural attributes are youth, and that animated hatred of crime incident to youth, *Apollo* decrees the retribution of the crime; *Pallas*

is calm, deliberate justice : she decides the contest, and Orestes is absolved.

The moral sentiment which pervades and rules the Greek tragedies, is a resistless, overwhelming fatalism, which, binding both gods and men in its iron chain, drags them captive to their allotted destinies. The unhappy being who is the victim of this stern fatality, is impelled by an overbearing power to do or suffer a deed which involves the agent in the most dreadful calamities. His ancestors, himself, his descendants, are involved in one common crime and penalty, until the measure of justice is filled by a tedious and protracted distillation of pain and of suffering. A fatalism so desperate and cheerless would seem adapted to crush every faculty of the mind, and suspend every moral exertion ; but, in the Greek tragedy, (and it is among the most remarkable moral phenomena, that it is so in real life,) it produces an effect apparently incompatible with its nature. The doctrine of fatalism has been adopted and acted on by whole nations ; and the bravest individuals, deeming themselves subject to an irrevocable law, and assured that if its decree could not be averted, it likewise could not be hastened, have opposed the proudest fortitude to the pre-ordained evils against which they struggled, carrying on the combat with the same vigour as if they were actually masters of its issue. The moral liberty, therefore, of the personages of the Greek drama, is not incompatible with the destiny which overrules them. The free agency of the soul is a sentiment which can never be subdued ; and it is the contrast which it opposes to a stern and unbending necessity, that heightens the terror of the Greek tragedy. The more the strength that is put forth in the struggle, the more gigantic and fearful is the power with which it is engaged. Human life is a conflict with external ills ; these, however, might be subdued and triumphed over. Time, if it does not remove the calamity, abates the suffering ;—and the sense of many of our evils is deadened by the stubborn patience which opposes them. But Destiny was an irresistible adversary, whose stern and appalling image was contemplated not in the present, but in the irrevocable decree of the past, linked, by an indissoluble chain of events, with the future. ‘The ancients,’ remarks Schlegel, ‘considered Destiny as a dark, relentless divinity, inhabiting a sphere inaccessible to gods or men ; for the pagan deities, the mere personifications of the energies of nature, although infinitely superior to man, were upon the same level as far as regarded that supreme power.’

Next in importance to this unbending law, is the doctrine of Diccé, or the sure retaliation of punishment for crime. We

are naturally impressed with the necessity of a moral retribution; and in those states of society in which the laws are silent or overpowered, this sentiment gives birth to that revenge which Bacon calls a 'wild justice.' Each is the guardian of his own rights, the arbiter of his own wrongs, and of those with whom he is connected. Hence, the piety of family affection, which included the duty of revenge, was next, in the moral order, to piety towards the gods, or, in other words, submission to fate; it was one of the most unalienable of obligations, and the strongest motive of action. The Greek tragedy, therefore, constantly thunders the terrors of Dicé, meaning not only the retribution of crime, and the ordaining of that retribution by the gods, but also the execution of that revenge which held the place of a moral duty.

We object to the dramatic designation which Mr. Dale gives the Παιδαγωγός in the first scene of *Electra*: he should not have been called an attendant. He was the guardian and instructor of Orestes from his youth upwards, and the latter listens to his advice, which is grave and authoritative, with the utmost deference. But we will not cavil about words. The invocation of *Electra*, which is in anapæsts, is beautifully and closely rendered:

ὦ Φαὸς ἀγνὸν, καὶ γῆς
ἰσομοῖρος ἀήρ.—κ. τ. λ.

and we are happy that Mr. Dale has not been misled by the Scholiast from the true meaning of ἰσομοῖρος, 'co-extensive.' We recollect that Hesiod somewhere says, that light was extended in equal proportion to the earth.

Elec. O pure ethereal light,
Thou air, with earth pervading equal space,
How many a dirge of wild lament,
How many a blow upon this bleeding breast,
Hast thou for me attested, when dun Night
Withdraws her murky veil.
Through the long hours of darkness, each loathed couch
Of these sad halls is conscious of my woe,
How mine unhappy father I bewail,
Whom not in far barbaric clime
Ensanguined Mars laid low;
But my base mother, with her paramour,
Ægisthus, as the woodman fells the oak,
Hewed down with murderous axe.
No heart, save mine, with gentle pity wrung,
Laments for thee, my father, though thy doom
Such pity well demands.
But never will I cease my wail,

Nor hush my bitter cries, while yet I gaze
 On yon all-radiant stars,
 Gaze on the orb of day;—
 But, like the hapless nightingale, bereft
 Of her loved brood, before my native home
 Pour the loud plaint of agony to all.
 Ye dark abodes of Dis and Proserpine,
 Thou Hermes, guide to Hell—thou Awful Curse,
 And ye, dread Furies, Offspring of the Gods,
 Who on the basely murdered look,
 On those who mount by stealth th' unhallowed couch;
 Come, aid me, and avenge the blood
 Of my beloved sire,
 And give my absent brother to mine arms;
 Alone no longer can I bear the weight
 Of this o'erwhelming woe.'

Vol. II. pp. 291, 2.

We see no difficulty in the nightingale's being called *Διός αγγελος*, the messenger of Jove, as announcing to mortals by her melody the approach of spring; or, as the Scholiast well puts it, *δι' αὐτῆς ο Ζεὺς το ἱερ ἐξημνησι*. The speech in which Electra remonstrates with her sister for consenting to make offerings for her mother at the tomb of the murdered Agamemnon, is admirably translated.

'*Elec.* Nay, dearest sister! of these offerings nought
 Present thou at the tomb. It is not just,
 It is not pious from that woman-fiend
 To bear funereal honours, and to pour
 Libations to my father. Cast them forth
 To the wild winds, or hide them in the dust,
 Deep—deep—that never to my Father's tomb
 Th' accursed thing may reach—but when she dies,
 Lie hid in earth to grace her sepulchre.
 For had she not been formed of all her sex
 The most abandoned, never had she crowned
 These loathed libations to the man she slew.
 Think'st thou the dead entombed could e'er receive,
 In friendly mood, such obsequies from her
 By whom he fell dishonoured, like a foe—
 While on her mangled victim's head she wiped
 His blood for expiation? Think'st thou then,
 These empty rights can for such guilt atone?
 O no! leave this vain errand unfulfilled—
 Cut from thy head th' extremest curls—and take
 From mine these locks—though scanty—yet the best
 I have—to him present this votive hair,
 And this my zone, unwrought with regal pomp.
 Kneel too—and pray, that he would soon arise
 To aid his children 'gainst their deadly foes;

And that Orestes with more vigorous hand
 May live, and dash his enemies to earth,
 That henceforth we may crown his honoured tomb
 With costlier offerings than we now present.
 I think, I trust, at length he marks our woes,
 And hence affrights her with these fearful dreams.
 Now, O my sister, aid thyself and me,
 Aid him, the best and dearest of mankind,
 Our common Father, resting in the grave.' pp. 310—12.

Ajax is the least pleasing of the plays of Sophocles. The voluntary death of the hero, like the suicides of Euripides, is undignified. There is something repulsive, too, in his madness ; but no picture of the agony of a restoration to reason, equals that in the Ajax, where the tent opens, and discovers the hero seated on the ground, in the midst of the sheep he had slain during his delirium, and filling the air with the groans of his unutterable anguish.

We pass by the *Trachiniæ*. Has Mr. Dale no suspicion of its not being from the hand of Sophocles ? In its general execution, it is decidedly below the other dramas of this great poet. Nor do we recognise in this tragedy, the heroic cast of character which the bard of Colonus preserved so faithfully and consistently. Hercules is a miserable specimen of the hero. Many critics have observed also, and with much reason, upon the superfluous soliloquy of Dejanira, at the beginning, as not bearing the slightest resemblance to the Poet's manner of prologising. It must be admitted on the other hand, that it was never attributed to any other author, and Cicero cites the lamentation of Hercules as a passage from the plays of Sophocles.

Were we called upon to declare which of the tragedies of Sophocles we deem the best, we should be inclined to pronounce the *Philoctetes* the most perfect, as it certainly is the most captivating. It has a concise and simple fable, for it is nothing more than the stratagem of Ulysses to wrest, by the aid of Neoptolemus, the invulnerable arms from the custody of Philoctetes. This unhappy man, to whom Hercules had bequeathed them in reward of his fidelity, had repaired with the Greeks to the siege of Troy, where he received a deadly wound in his foot, from an arrow which had been tinged with the venom of the Lernaean hydra. So noisome was the odour exhaling from his wound, that his presence in the camp became intolerable. He was therefore enticed by Ulysses on board a galley, under the false pretext of having his wound cured by the sons of Æsculapius, and treacherously left on a desert part of the isle of Lemnos. In this state of corporal pain and mental deso-

lation, the wretched son of Pæas has already lingered nine years, when Ulysses and Neoptolemus, deputed by the Grecian chiefs to convey him to Troy, which cannot be taken without his assistance, arrive at Lemnos. At this point begins the drama.

‘ If there be any spectacle,’ remarks Mr. Dale in his critical summary of this Tragedy, ‘ peculiarly interesting to the observer of human nature, it is the contemplation of a generous mind reluctantly yielding to the suggestions of artifice and duplicity ; and though seduced, for a moment, by the love of glory, into the commission of baseness, yet struggling with better feelings, till at last the native integrity of the honourable mind rises triumphant over the arts of the deceiver. Such a character is Neoptolemus. Young, ingenuous, and upright, he recoils with indignation from the smooth sophistry of artifice and fraud—he is only reconciled to it by the specious lure of fame—he perseveres in the deceit so long as he is encouraged by the presence of his wily confederate ; but when left to himself—to the silent remonstrances of conscience—the innate generosity of his heart resumes its ascendancy, nor can he consent to purchase his own glory and the welfare of Greece, at the price of his honour. We recognize in him all the lineaments of that high-souled and impetuous chief, to whom is attributed, by the Master-poet, that memorable sentiment ;—

‘ Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

‘ Scarcely less interesting, though under a very different aspect, is the character of Philoctetes himself. The lonely exile has become familiarized to misery without being resigned to it ; all around him has assumed the desolate aspect of his own forlorn condition, and yet, without any hope of deliverance, the remembrance of his own country is the more endeared to him, as he is separated from it by a more hopeless and insuperable barrier. The ‘ *Amor patriæ* ’ burns extinguishably in his heart. The very garb of Greece is beauty to his eye ; the accents of a Greek are music to his ear. Absorbed as he might have been in the contemplation of his own sorrows, (and there is no teacher of selfishness like sorrow,) he has not yet forgotten his former companions and confederates in arms, and his enquiries after them are urged with a tenderness and solicitude truly pathetic. Even the misanthropic scepticism which he has imbibed, is accordant with the general tone and temper of his mind ; and, under such circumstances, a *heathen* may be excused for calling in question the impartiality and justice of the gods. It was reserved for a more enlightened poet than Sophocles to deliver that beautiful aphorism—

‘ All partial evil—universal good.

‘ This drama, however, possesses a beauty peculiar to itself. Scenic descriptions of the utmost richness and luxuriance are, indeed, interspersed throughout all the writings of Sophocles, but the drama be-

fore us presents by far the finest specimen of his descriptive talent. With admirable judgement he has put the delineation of the surrounding wildness and desolation into the mouth of Philoctetes, the sombre temper of whose mind would necessarily invest it with additional gloom. Indeed, throughout the whole drama, the prevailing charm is Nature; and however destitute it may be of that which is calculated to gratify the sickly and vitiated taste of a modern audience, the ravings of guilty passion, and the declamation of tumid and unnatural heroism, we do not hesitate to maintain, that so long as natural feeling, correct delineation, a lively exhibition of human character, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart, possess the power of awakening interest and exciting the affections, that power will belong, in an eminent degree, to the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles.' pp. 177—80.

To see familiar objects for the last time,—to hear the sounds which in a short time we shall hear no more,—to bid adieu to streams, to trees and rocks, with which our eye has been familiarized, inspires not unfrequently regrets as acute as those which are felt in the severer separations of life. In the solitude of Philoctetes, he naturally adopts into the narrow, desolate circle of his friendships, the mute and inanimate objects around him. This disposition of mind Sophocles has portrayed so exquisitely, that it may be considered as one of the most striking beauties of the *Philoctetes*. He must be strangely constituted, who can read unmoved the parting words which he addresses to the fountains and woods from which he was about to be torn.

We must, by the way, intimate to Mr. Dale, that whether the island of Lemnos was uninhabited or not, (Homer calls the town *Λῆμνον, εὐκτισμένον πόλιν*, well-built,) is a question of little consequence. It might have been deserted when Philoctetes was carried thither, or Sophocles assumed it to be uninhabited, in order to give a gloomier grandeur to his drama. It is evident, however, that the very structure of the piece falls to the ground, if we suspect it to have been inhabited. The plan sets out with the contrary supposition. Ulysses says immediately on his arrival,

‘ This is the shore of that sea-circled land,
Lemnos, by mortal foot untrodden still,
Uncheer'd by mortal dwelling.’

Nor is Mr. Dale's a plausible supposition, that only the part of the island where Philoctetes was left, was uninhabited; for in so small an island, every part must have been, in that case, occasionally visited. Other critics have inferred from another part of the play, viz. Philoctetes' parting address, that there was a fountain named *Λυκίης, Lycius*, dedicated to Apollo

in the island, who would not have had worshippers if the place had been uninhabited. But this error arose from the tasteless reading of Brunck, *Λυκίων τε ποτόν, for γλυκίων τε ποτόν.*

The despair of Philoctetes excites more compassion than that of Ajax. To endure and to live even under the heaviest weight of calamity, exhibits a moral dignity of a much loftier species, than self-immolation, which is the refuge of the coward. Philoctetes moreover had severer ills to sustain. Nothing can equal the noble passage in which Philoctetes, turning away with loathing and abhorrence from the men who are betraying him, returns with redoubled affection to the mute companions of his exile, who know no treachery;—to the cavern, the rock, the plants, to whom he has so long breathed his complaints, and whom he has taught himself to address as the friends of his misfortune. He invokes the island and its volcanic mountain; he calls them to witness the new perfidy that is practised upon him, and when he laments the loss of his bow, attributes to it an affectionate sorrow for being torn from him. We must conclude our extracts with the valedictory anapaests in which Philoctetes takes leave of the external scenery amidst which he had sojourned.

‘ *Phi.* Come, as we go, this earth will I adore.

Farewell, my rocky home,

Ye nymphs who haunt the watery meads,

Thou wild roar of the hoarse resounding sea,

Where oft within my cave

The southern blast in hoary dews

Has bathed my head;—while many a bitter groan

Responsive to my voice th’ *Hermæan* mount

Sent in wild murmurs on the echoing blast!

Now, ye pure founts, thou sweet and crystal stream,

I quit you, quit you now,

An unexpected joy!

Farewell, thou sea-encircled *Lemnian* plain—

O speed me with a prosperous course

Where Fate’s resistless will—and the kind words

Of generous friends impel me, and the God,

The all-subduing God, who willed it thus!’

Vol. II. pp. 273, 4.

After such copious citations, it cannot be necessary for us to say much on the merits of Mr. Dale’s translation. We have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion, that he has attained the end which he proposed to himself in the arduous task of conveying to English readers, a spirited, easy, flowing, yet, as nearly as possible, literal translation of the tragedies of Sophocles. The elegance and spirit of the original must necessarily disappear in any translation conducted with verbal ex-

actness. Potter's versions both of Æschylus and Sophocles are in many respects well executed; but he does not adhere with sufficient fidelity to the text, and, in the choral odes, departs most remotely from it. He abounds with poetical conceptions, and his versification is rich and varied. But, in the choruses, he forgets his author, and substitutes for his sense a sort of cento taken from other poets, and new images taken from his own fancy. We were struck with this in one remarkable instance, from having lately had occasion to consult his translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus. In the third ode, where Helen is described on her first going to Troy, we found two elegant lines in Potter, for the original of which we looked in vain in Æschylus.

'Soft gales obedient round her wait,
And pant on the delighted sea.'

The Greek poet has no such image. He merely says, that her mind was serene and unruffled, and alludes to its being like the sea when calm: *Φρονημα μεν ηνιερμον γαλανας*. Not unfrequently the Translator has borrowed from other poets an image or two, as in the very next ode in the same play.

'What may this mean? Along the skies
Why do these dreadful portents roll?
Visions of terror, spare my aching eyes.'

The original has nothing about skies or aching eyes. With Franklin as a translator, it would be doing Mr. Dale injustice to compare him: it is no mean praise to have compared him with Potter. It is still higher, to say that in many respects, particularly in fidelity, he has far excelled him.

Art. II. *Memoirs of the Life and Character of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke*: with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries. By James Prior, Esq. 8vo. pp. xxiv. 584. Price 16s. London. 1824.

DESPAIRING of the long promised biography of Mr. Burke from the hands of two of his confidential friends, (to one of whom had been intrusted the arrangement of his papers and of his familiar correspondence,) we were not displeased to see Mr. Prior's work announced, and the perusal has given us considerable satisfaction. The volume makes no pretensions which it does not fulfil; and if it does not shew us how a life of this eminent man ought to be written, it supplies at least many valuable contributions towards such a

memoir. It would have been easy, indeed, to construct one or two goodly quartos out of much scantier materials. The Annual Registers, the Parliamentary Debates, and the histories of the American War, might have been ransacked, to eke out, according to the approved recipe of modern book-making, two, or even three bulky volumes; and by liberal transcripts from the party effusions of the day, the work might, without much labour, at least with slight expense of intellectual labour, have been swelled so as to extend to a fourth. *Necdum finitus Orestes*. In the mean while, all this contemporaneous history would have left us as little acquainted with his private life and social character, as ever. We are therefore extremely obliged to Mr. Prior for giving us credit for some knowledge of the American War, the theatric impeachment of Mr. Hastings, and the French Revolution; above all, for allowing us a respite from that most tedious and unprofitable of all discussions—the authorship of Junius's letters.

From the virulence of party, no reputation is safe. Nor could it be expected, that a statesman who took so active a participation in the great political questions which have divided and agitated Great Britain during the last fifty years, should have been unassailed by calumny. Mr. Burke incurred a heaped measure of misrepresentation during his life, and the full cry of obloquy was not silenced at his death. Of late, however, the tide of public opinion has turned strongly in his favour, and the re-action has induced, in some quarters, an almost idolatrous homage to his memory. His prophecies are cited as marks of almost superhuman wisdom. His incorruptible virtue, lofty patriotism, exalted piety, are dwelt upon in terms of unbounded exaggeration. He has been celebrated as 'the *princeps et plane coryphaeus* among the votaries of fame,' the greatest of his great contemporaries, the ideal of an Englishman. It would not be difficult to account for this blind and excessive admiration: it savours of the spirit of party. His splendid genius and his estimable qualities are now acknowledged, however, by the liberal and enlightened of all parties. But the general esteem at present felt for the private character of this eminent man, has not been in the slightest degree owing to his biographers. Of these, one has compiled a heavy, dull, stupid series of misrepresentations, evidently for the purpose of blackening his memory;—a cowardly, posthumous libel. The other wrote with a more honest purpose, but his book, unfortunately, is both incorrect and unauthentic. Hitherto, we have been without any satisfactory information respecting Mr. Burke's early history; and the general suffrage which is yielded to his public virtues, must be considered as

resulting from the intrinsic deserts of a life dedicated to what he deemed the good of his country.

To Mr. Burke's writings, might be applied Gibbon's observation upon Cicero's, that they are a library of eloquence and reason. Amidst the agitations of a stormy life, and the perpetual occupations of Parliament, he embraced a considerable circle of elegant studies. A certain character of style pervades all his productions, but it is a style for ever changeful and diversified. He loved our pure idiomatic English, and warred, both in conversation and by example, against that modelled, regulated, and conventional mode of writing, which at this time of day passes so currently for English. What Dryden said of Plutarch's style, might be applied to that of Burke. 'As for Plutarch, his style is so particular, that there is none of the ancients, to whom we can properly resemble him. And the reason is obvious; for, being conversant with a great variety of authors, and collecting from all of them what he thought most excellent, out of the confusion, or rather the mixture of all their styles, he formed his own, which partaking of each, was yet none of them, but a compound of them all, like the Corinthian metal, which had in it gold, and brass, and silver, and yet was a species of itself.'

This extraordinary man was born at Dublin, in 1730. From his ill state of health, he was kept longer than usual under the paternal roof. At the classical academy of Ballitore, about twenty-eight miles from Dublin, where, at the age of twelve, he was placed under the care of Mr. Shackleton, he laid the foundation of the vast acquirements which he displayed in maturer life. With the son of his master, (Richard Shackleton,) he afterwards kept up a lively epistolary correspondence, till his friend's death, which took place in 1792, when Mr. Burke wrote a letter to the family, overflowing with affection and sorrow. The only authentic notices which remain to us of this early period of Mr. Burke's life, have been derived from this gentleman.

'His genius, observed Mr. Shackleton, appeared to be promising from the first; he was not very far advanced when he came to school, but soon evinced great aptitude to learn, and, on many occasions, a soundness and manliness of mind, and ripeness of judgement beyond his years. He read much while quite a boy, accumulated a great variety of knowledge, and delighted in exercising, and occasionally exhibiting to his companions, superior powers of memory, particularly in what is called *capping* Latin verses. An inquisitive and speculative cast of mind were not the least distinguishing of his peculiarities; he devoted much time to the eager perusal of history and poetry;

the study of the classics seemed to be more his diversion than his business. He was of an affectionate disposition, rather fond of being alone, less lively and bustling than other boys of the same age, but good-natured, communicative of what he knew, and always willing to teach or to learn.

In the family of this gentleman are preserved a series of his letters, at least a considerable number of them, commencing at the age of fifteen, down to within two months of his death; and the earliest said to be distinguished by as strong a love of virtue, affection for his friend, and superior capacity for observation, as the last. To these the writer, from some family objection, has not been permitted to have access; but the same friend to whom Mr. Shackleton communicated the substance of some of them, as well as the specimens of young Burke's poetical powers which appear in the present volume, has favoured him with some of the circumstances to which they refer.

Few anecdotes of him, while at school, are preserved. It is recorded, however, that seeing a poor man pulling down his own hut near the village, and hearing that it was done by order of a great gentleman in a gold-laced hat (the parish conservator of the roads), upon the plea of being too near the highway, the young philanthropist, his bosom swelling with indignation, exclaimed, that were he a man, and possessed of authority, the poor should not thus be oppressed. Little things in children often tend to indicate, as well as to form, the mind of the future man; there was no characteristic of his subsequent life more marked, than a hatred of oppression in any form, or from any quarter.

The steward of the establishment at Ballitore, who sometimes condescended to be director of the school-boy sports, used to repeat this and similar anecdotes with no little pride of his old acquaintance when risen into celebrity. He delighted in hearing of him; he would sit for hours attentive to this favourite theme; and particularly when the news-papers had any thing of more than usual interest respecting him to communicate, he was quite insensible to all other claims upon his attention. He was a hard-headed, North-of-Ireland presbyterian, named Gill, upon whom young Shackleton wrote verses, and young Burke chopped his boyish logic; the shrewd, though unlettered remarks in reply to which, gave him in their opinion some claim to the more philosophical appellation of Hobbes. By this name Mr. Burke used to inquire after him while at college; and never afterwards went to Ballitore, where he chiefly continued to reside, without giving him proofs of regard.' pp. 9—11.

In 1744, he quitted school, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, as pensioner. Dr. Leland, who was then a fellow of the college, used to say, that Burke was known as a young man of superior, but unpretending talents, and more anxious to acquire knowledge than to display it. In 1746, he was elected a scholar of the house; a distinction which presupposes considerable talent and acquisition, inasmuch as the candidate

has to undergo the test of a severe examination. In 1751, he proceeded Master of Arts.

Mr. Burke was always remarkable for a comprehensive and minute knowledge of history. His Biographer thinks, that this valuable attainment must have been fostered by his attendance at occasional meetings of the Historical Society, a voluntary association of the students of Trinity College, which has been since put down. From an early period, his destination was the bar. Having been entered at the Middle Temple, he arrived in London early in 1750, to keep his terms. His first impressions on viewing the English metropolis, are vividly expressed in a letter to his school-fellow, Matthew Smith.

“ You’ll expect some short account of my journey to this great city. To tell you the truth, I made very few remarks as I rolled along, for my mind was occupied with many thoughts, and my eyes often filled with tears, when I reflected on all the dear friends I left behind; yet the prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent: country seats sprinkled round on every side, some in the modern taste, some in the style of old De Coverley Hall, all smiling on the neat but humble cottage; every village as neat and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry; and inns like palaces.

“ What a contrast to our poor country, where you’ll scarce find a cottage ornamented with a chimney! But what pleased me most of all was the progress of agriculture, my favourite study, and my favourite pursuit, if Providence had blessed me with a few paternal acres.

“ A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice: but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone*; generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty, and women of virtue in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve that sacred bond: in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises: in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the best advantage; and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even minds, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly-flowing accents.

“ As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgement of that subject. I don’t think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don’t find that genius, the

'rath primrose, which forsaken dies,' is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud; and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies.

"The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands. As to the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, into the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it; but I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakspeare warbles his 'native wood-notes,' the boxes, pit, and gallery, are crowded—and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart.

"Soon after my arrival in town I visited Westminster Abbey: the moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the Seventh's Chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine, that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly;—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face, as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality: but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy'd abbey. Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I

should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, 'family burying-ground,' has something pleasing in it, at least to me." ' pp. 28—32.

Mr. Burke was not called to the bar. Whether he thought the practice of the bar unfavourable to a naturally weakly state of health, which had been rendered still more infirm by incessant application, or whether literature, as it so frequently happens, weaned her brilliant proselyte from the severer studies of his profession, it is certain that his views in this respect underwent a sudden change. In London, he renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Brocklesby, his quondam school-fellow, and was introduced to Arthur Murphy, who, hearing of the extraordinary attainments of Burke, had requested the introduction. About this period, he appears to have entertained some idea of becoming a candidate for the professorship of logic, then vacant in the university of Glasgow. This honour, however, he did not attain. Private arrangements, both in the university and city, rendered the attempt hopeless. About this time he made a short excursion into France. Hence, in all probability, originated the malicious report, which was readily seized by persons not very nice in their choice of controversial weapons, of his having been educated at St. Omer's, a place which he *never* visited. He observed more than once at his own table, 'that he could not but think it a remarkable circumstance, that, in three or four journeys he had made in France, St. Omer's happened to be the chief place in the northern provinces, which he had never visited.'

'His first avowed work, the "*Vindication of Natural Society*," which came out in the spring of 1756, may in fact be termed a piece of philosophical criticism couched under the guise of serious irony. It was an octavo pamphlet of 106 pages, published by Cooper at the price of 1s. 6d.; and originated in an opinion generally expressed in literary society, of the style of Lord Bolingbroke being not only the best of that time, but in itself wholly inimitable; and in the approbation expressed by some persons of what were called his philosophical opinions, which had then been recently published.

'The design of Mr. Burke was to produce a covert mimicry both of his style and principles; and particularly, by pushing the latter to their inevitable conclusion, to force conviction of their unsoundness, by showing that the arguments employed by the peer against religion, applied as strongly against every other institution of civilized men. His lordship's philosophy, such as it was, was the newest pattern of the day, and of course excited considerable notice, as coming from a man who had made a conspicuous figure in politics; and whose career, after a youth spent in the stews, and a manhood in turbulence and disaffection to the government of his country, seemed appropriately terminated by an old age of infidelity.' pp. 43, 44.

This admirable piece of literary banter did not fall still-born from the press, as M'Cormick insinuates. It attracted considerable notice: and perhaps it is the most exquisite specimen of literary imitation that is to be found in any language. It gives us an analysis, not only of the style and manner, but of the mind of Bolingbroke. Above all, it tries the specious and insidious reasonings of that writer as with the spear of Ithuriel. It shews that, with very limited views either of religion or of philosophy, it is no very difficult thing (it is all that Bolingbroke has done) to attack very plausibly every thing that is excellent and venerable;—that the creation itself might be criticised and tried by our notions of reason and fitness, if the same method of attack by which the noble writer assaulted revealed religion, were directed against the most common and habitual feelings or opinions of mankind. What is most singular in this little disquisition is, that it anticipates most emphatically that brood of wild imaginations and specious falsehoods which overran the world before and after the French Revolution; and it is amusing to see, in the jumble of human things, the very doctrines ridiculed in this ingenious tract, afterwards starting up with all the gravity of incontrovertible truths, and pretending to be the sober inductions of reason and philosophy. Rousseau's celebrated paradox against civilized society is pushed to a still higher extravagance, than the Vindication of Natural Society by Burke. Of the same family were the wild, but cold and deadening notions of Godwin concerning gratitude, inculcated in all the pomp of didactic disquisition, for the amiable purpose of degrading the image of God himself into the condition of a brute. What advantage, we might ask with Burke, do we derive from such writings? What delight can a man find in employing a capacity, which might be usefully exerted for the noblest purposes, in a sort of sullen labour, in which, if the author could succeed, he is obliged to own, that nothing could be more fatal to mankind than his success?

In the same year appeared the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*;—a book quite original in execution and design, and written in a style equally perspicuous and elegant. It was considered by Dr. Johnson to be a model of philosophical criticism. One copy of it he sent to his father, who had not been pleased with his deserting the law, and he received a present of 100*l.* in return;—another to his friend Shackleton, with these lines written in the blank leaf:

*'Accipe et hæc manuum tibi quæ monumenta meorum
Sint et longum testentur amorem.'*

He was now a married man, having espoused the daughter of Dr. Nugent of Bath, and an increasing family in a short time stimulated his pen to considerable exertion. In 1757, eight sheets of the work which he entitled an *Essay towards an Abridgement of English History*, were printed off; but it was discontinued—from what cause, we cannot conjecture. It is written in the true philosophical spirit of history. The characters of the few kings whose reigns are completed, are most admirably drawn; and the details concerning the Druids and the Saxons, and their laws and polity, abound with new and original matter. In 1758, he began to write the *Historical and Critical parts of Dodsley's Annual Register*, the first volume of which appeared in that year.

He had for some time been acquainted with Johnson and Garrick. Clear, convincing, pleasing, and eloquent in conversation, he was a delightful companion. His stream of mind, said the former, is perpetual. It is a striking testimony to Burke's merits, that he was loved and admired by that *Ursa Major* of his day, who was not naturally a lover or admirer, and too much disposed to strong and sudden prejudices. Among the warmest admirers of the rising talent of Burke, was the amiable and not unaccomplished Lord Charlemont. By this nobleman, he was introduced, in 1763, to Gerard Hamilton, known by the appellation of *single-speeched*;—a literary fop of the highest cast, and at that time Lord Halifax's chief secretary. It was settled that Mr. Burke should accompany this gentleman to Ireland, partly as a friend, and partly as private secretary.

The opportunity afforded by this trip, of renewing connexions of this class which had been interrupted by his stay in England, and of seeing all his old friends, was not neglected; he also made a visit of some length to Cork and its vicinity, and more than once to Ballitore. Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton in return, calling at his apartments in Dublin Castle, surprised him on the carpet busily occupied in romping with his two boys, and used to mention the affectionate interest he took in their infantile amusements as a proof of an amiable mind, joined to what the world knew to be a great mind. Even to a late period of life, he delighted in children, amusing himself with what he called "his men in miniature," frequently participating in their juvenile sports, and, while playing with them, perhaps at the same moment instructing their grandfathers, by turning from one to the other to throw out some forcible truth upon human nature, from the scene which their little habits, passions, and contentions afforded. It was no unfrequent thing to see Mr. Burke spinning a top or a tee-totum with the boys who occasionally visited him at Beaconsfield; the following is an instance of the same kind.

A gentleman well known in the literary political world, who, when young, amused himself by taking long walks in the vicinity of London,

once directed his steps to Harrow, about the time of the coalition ministry, when, on a green in front of a small cottage, he spied an assemblage of such men as are rarely seen together ; Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, (the owner of the cottage,) Lord John Townshend, Lord William Russel, and four or five others the most eminent of the Whig party, diverting themselves after, what was then customary, an early dinner. Mr. Burke's employment was the most conspicuous ; it was in rapidly wheeling a boy, (the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan) round the sward in a child's hand-chaise, with an alertness and vivacity that indicated an almost equal enjoyment in the sport with his young companion ; who in fact was so much pleased with his play fellow, that he would not let him desist, nor did the orator seem much to desire it, till a summons to horse announced the separation of the party.' pp. 73, 4.

Through the interest of Mr. Gerard Hamilton and the Lord Primate, he received a pension of £300. on the Irish establishment ; but he enjoyed it only eighteen months, in consequence of a rupture with Hamilton. In a letter written to Mr. Flood, he thus expresses himself.

“ It is very true that there is an eternal rupture between me and Hamilton, which was on my side neither sought nor provoked ; for though his conduct in public affairs has been for a long time directly contrary to my opinions, very reproachful to himself, and extremely disgusting to me ; and though in private he has not justly fulfilled one of his engagements to me, yet I was so uneasy and awkward at coming to a breach, where I had once a close and intimate friendship, that I continued with a kind of desperate fidelity to adhere to his cause and person ; and when I found him greatly disposed to quarrel with me, I used such submissive measures as I never before could prevail upon myself to use to any man.

“ The occasion of our difference was not any act whatsoever on my part ; it was entirely on his, by a voluntary but most insolent and intolerable demand, amounting to no less than a claim of servitude during the whole course of my life, without leaving me at any time a power either of getting forward with honour, or of retiring with tranquillity. This was really and truly the substance of his demand upon me, to which I need not tell you I refused with some degree of indignation to submit. On this we ceased to see each other, or to correspond, a good while before you left London. He then commenced, through the intervention of others, a negotiation with me, in which he showed as much of meanness in his proposals as he had done of arrogance in his demands ; but as all these proposals were vitiated by the taint of that servitude with which they were all mixed, his negotiation came to nothing.

“ He grounded these monstrous claims (such as never were before heard of in this country) on that pension which he had procured for me through Colonel Cunninghame, the late Primate, and Lord Halifax, for, through all that series of persons, this paltry busi-

ness was contrived to pass. Now, though I was sensible that I owed this pension to the good will of the Primate in a great degree, and though, if it had come from Hamilton's pocket, instead of being derived from the Irish treasury, I had earned it by a long and laborious attendance, and might, in any other than that unfortunate connexion, have got a much better thing; yet, to get rid of him completely, and not to carry a memorial of such a person about me, I offered to transmit it to his attorney in trust for him. This offer he thought proper to accept. I beg pardon, my dear Flood, for troubling you so long on a subject which ought not to employ a moment of your thoughts, and never shall again employ a moment of mine."

pp. 75—77.

In this affair, Hamilton's conduct appears mean and infamous: there can be no doubt that he coolly pocketed the pension himself. Burke never alleged that he did so, for he preserved a rigid silence on the subject, from a principle of 'desperate fidelity,' as he calls it, or, in other words, a too scrupulous adherence to the point of honour. Nor would the matter have ever been revealed, had it not been for the discovery of Mr. Burke's letter among the papers of Mr. Flood. The conclusion of this letter gives a curious sketch of the state of parties and politics at that period. After alluding to the probable change of administration, he says:

"At this very instant, the causes productive of such a change are strongly at work. The Regency Bill has shewn such want of concert and want of capacity in the ministers, such an inattention to the honour of the Crown, if not such a design *against* it, such imposition and surprise upon the King, and such a misrepresentation of the disposition of Parliament to the Sovereign, that there is no doubt that there is a fixed resolution to get rid of them all (unless perhaps of Grenville); but principally of the Duke of Bedford; so that you will have much more reason to be surprised to find the ministry standing by the end of next week, than to hear of their entire removal. Nothing but an intractable temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together, and this crisis will shew whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character: for you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may choose to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself and to every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to every thing, but absolute despotism over the King and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or that of continuing on his back at Hayes, talking fustian, excluded from all ministerial, and incapable of all parliamentary service. For his gout is worse than ever, but his pride may disable him more than his gout. These matters so fill our imaginations here, that with our mob of 6 or 7000 weavers, who pursue the Ministry, and

do not leave them quiet or safe in their own houses, we have little to think of other things." pp. 80, 81.

But the most attractive and winning feature of Mr. Burke's social character was the ardour and sincerity of his friendships. In the instance of Barry the painter, who was accidentally introduced to him, we see the most active benevolence at work, constant, unremitted, and unwearied, to redeem unfriended merit from poverty and neglect. He sent him to England, received him at his house in Queen Anne-street, introduced him to the principal artists, and procured him employment to copy pictures under Athenian Stuart, till he might be enabled to do more for him.

George Grenville's administration having lost its popularity by the proceedings against Wilkes, and the confidence of the King, it is supposed, through the ascendancy of Lord Bute, a division of the Whigs, upon Lord Chatham's refusal to join them, came into office under the Marquis of Rockingham. Through the interest of Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Burke received the appointment of private secretary to that nobleman, and came immediately into parliament as member for Wendover. It was a ricketty, unstable, heterogeneous administration, and Mr. Burke, from the beginning, felt its instability. His first speech upon the affairs of America was highly extolled by Lord Chatham, who followed him in the debate. Dr. Johnson, writing to Mr. Langton, observes: 'We have the loss of Burke's company,' (meaning his absence from the celebrated literary club established in 1763,) 'since he has been engaged in public business, in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man ever gained before;'—and he adds in another part, 'Burke is a great man by nature, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness.' On the dissolution of the Rockingham administration, he paid another visit to Ireland, to inspect the little property left him by his brother, who died in the preceding year; and in March 1768, Parliament being dissolved, he was again returned for Wendover. About this time, with the assistance of Lord Rockingham, he purchased a small estate and agreeable residence for £20,000, the expense being much enhanced by his being obliged to take the pictures and statues in the house, of which the vendor had been a considerable collector. He alludes to this circumstance in one of his letters to Barry, all of which are highly interesting documents, and deserve preservation, not merely as testimonies of the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his integrity, but inasmuch as they abound with ingenious observations on the fine arts, and the principles of taste. A painter might study them with

advantage, and they prove the comprehensive range of his mind. He gave excellent admonition to Barry upon topics of private conduct; and no man more required it than that able but eccentric artist. Never was an intractable and irritable temper better schooled than by the gentle and kind suggestions which from time to time Burke wrote to him. In one of his letters he says:

“ In the mean time I must press it upon you to live on the best terms with the people you are with, even dealers and the like; for it will not follow, that because men want some virtues, that they want all. Their society will be some relief to you, and their intercourse of some advantage, if it were no more than a dispelling of the unsociable humours contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, either by flying from or quarrelling with them; and Rome, and the trade of Virtù, are not the only places and professions in which many little practices ought to be overlooked in others, though they should be carefully avoided by ourselves.

“ I remember you wrote to me with a great deal of sense, and much honest indignation, on the subject of some quackish pretences to secrets in the art, such as Magilphs, and the like. We had much of the same stuff here. It is indeed ridiculous to the last degree to imagine that excellence is to be attained by any mechanical contrivances whatsoever. But still the overvaluing of foolish or interested people ought not to induce us wholly to reject what may be subordinately useful. Every thing is worth a trial; and much of the business of colouring, belonging to a sort of natural history, it is rather worth while to make experiments, as many as one can.”

pp. 112, 13.

Poor Barry, he never forgot amidst the busiest occupations of public life. As soon as his connexion with Lord Rockingham's administration enabled him to extend his kindness to him, in conjunction with his cousin William, he sent him to Italy, and undertook to maintain him while he was there. The artist set out in 1765, and remained there at the joint expense of his benevolent friends five years. Barry could earn nothing for himself during his residence abroad, and his munificent friends, amid difficulties and distresses of their own, ministered to all his wants. He felt the weight of his obligations, and used to say, ‘ Mr. Burke has been under God all in all to me.’ The few letters which have been preserved out of their correspondence, are, in our judgement, the most valuable documents in Mr. Prior's book. They breathe the very soul of kindness, and the words of Cicero may justly be applied to them: ‘ Atqui hæc sunt indicia solida et expressa,—hæc signa

* probitatis, non fucata forensi specie, sed domesticis inusta notis veritatis.* In the following letter he gives him the profoundest advice regarding his art.

"But as you were indulgent enough to bear my humour under the name of advice, you will permit me now, my dear Barry, once more to wish you, in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault nevertheless, and one which I am sure you will correct, when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic, not a painter.

"I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition (though by some people placed foremost in the list of the ingredients of an art) I do not value near so highly. I know none who attempts, that does not succeed tolerably in that part: but that exquisite masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing, to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd; whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in *particular* studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your natural repugnance to handling of carcasses, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and, if you can, in frequent dissections. You know that a man who despises, as you do, the minutiae of the art, is bound to be quite perfect in the noblest part of all, or he is nothing. Mediocrity is tolerable in middling things, but not at all in the great. In the course of the studies I speak of, it would not be amiss to paint portraits often and diligently. This I do not say as wishing you to turn your studies to portrait painting; quite otherwise; but because many things in the human face will certainly escape you without some intermixture of that kind of study." pp. 127—29.

In another, he tells him very kindly not to stop at a little expense. 'You know,' he says, 'we desired you, at parting, never to scruple to draw for a few pounds extraordinary, and directions will be given to take your drafts on such occasions. You will judge yourself of the propriety, *but never starve the cause.*' With a delicate solicitude he endeavours to remove from Barry's bosom that irksome feeling of dependence, which is so insupportable to a sensitive mind. But a letter addressed to the artist at Rome, dated in 1769, is a still more pleasing specimen of the heart of the writer. It was written for the purpose of giving that intractable, froward artist, a hint or two upon the important duty of regulating the strange impulses of his temper; and it might be read with advantage night and morning by every contentious, ill-humoured man. The prediction of poor Barry's fate, in the event of his not controlling his disposition, was but too fatally verified.

"As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure that they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects upon your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London: for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

"That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry,

that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

“Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our own species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

“You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticized; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged for maintenance to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined.

Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow citizens, and that in particular your business is to paint, and not to dispute.” pp. 137—139.

Barry returned from Italy with a considerable stock of arrogance, and no slight tincture of infidelity. Burke immediately assailed his new opinions, not only by his own persuasive eloquence, but by that of the best writers, and particularly by Bishop Butler, whose *Analogy* he strongly urged him to peruse with great attention. He succeeded in curing his friend's deism. Mr. Burke's tolerance upon all matters of religious belief may be inferred from the support which, in a speech of great power, he gave the bill brought in for the relief of Protestant Dissenters in 1773. The following noble passage drew warm and rapturous applause.

“At the same time that I would cut up the very root of atheism, I would respect all conscience; all conscience that is really such,

and which perhaps its very tenderness proves to be sincere. I wish to see the Established Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness; I would have her head raised up to that Heaven to which she conducts us. I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a noble and liberal comprehension, but I would have no breaches in her wall; I would have her cherish all those who are within, and pity all those who are without; I would have her a common blessing to the world, an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her; I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation might be taught to seek for repose and toleration in the maternal bosom of Christian charity, and not in the harlot lap of infidelity and indifference. Nothing has driven people more into that house of seduction, than the mutual hatred of Christian congregations. Long may we enjoy our Church under a learned and edifying episcopacy." pp. 155, 6.

It is neither the purpose, nor is it compatible with the limits of this article, to follow Mr. Burke through the stormy vicissitudes of his public life, nor to indulge in minute comment on his speeches and writings. We confine ourselves to those lineaments of his character which are less familiar to the public, and which the carelessness or incapacity of his former biographers passed by unnoticed;—we mean his social and private life in the season of friendly intercourse or of domestic retirement. Among those friends who passed part of their summer at Gregories, were Dr. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. Mr. Burke cultivated also the friendship, and acquired the confidence of Dr. Franklin; nor was he unacquainted with Dr. Priestley. When Wedderburne uttered his furious philippic against Dr. Franklin, Mr. Burke accompanied Priestley to the privy-council chamber. The anecdote is thus related by the latter.

“Going along Parliament-street, on the morning of the 29th of January, 1774, I met Mr. Burke and Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, when the former introduced us to each other, as men of letters, and inquired whither I was going. I replied, I could say whither I *wished* to go; and on explaining that it was to the Privy Council, he desired me to accompany him. The ante-room proved to be so full of persons, on the same errand as ourselves, that I despaired even of getting near the door. ‘Keep fast hold of me,’ said Mr. Burke, locking my arm within his, and forcing his way, after much difficulty, to the door. ‘You are an excellent leader, Mr. Burke.’ ‘I wish others thought so too,’ replied he. We got in among the first, Mr. Burke taking his stand behind the chair next to the President, and I next to him.” pp. 190.

While the load of public duty oppressed him, and every

hour of his life was occupied in the discharge of it, his income was scanty, his estate not exceeding 700*l.* per annum, and the rest was derived from his Irish property and the products of his literary labour. Out of this, he supported several indigent relations, and he was therefore compelled to practise a rigid economy.

'He had in fact,' says his biographer, 'no extravagant propensities to indulge; his domestic arrangements were under the prudent management of his lady; his coach-horses took their turn in the plough; his table, to which men of merit or distinction in every class were always welcome, partook more of neatness and moderation, than parade and profusion. At Beaconsfield, he preserved a frank and cheerful hospitality, which those who enjoyed once were glad of the opportunity to enjoy again; while in town, he frequently asked political and literary friends to dine on beef-stakes, or a leg of mutton, and occasionally gave little more than he professed.' p. 222.

Mr. Burke was affectionately attached to his son Richard. The untimely loss of this excellent man nearly laid him prostrate. This event happened on the 2d of August, 1794, at the early age of thirty-six. From this moment, Mr. Burke's health slowly declined. All his letters and writings from this time are tinged with sadness amounting almost to despair. In a letter to Lord Auckland, he says: 'For myself or for my family (alas, I have none,) I have nothing to hope nor to fear in this world.' In his published letter addressed to a noble Lord, in answer to the Duke of Bedford's attack upon his pension, he says: 'The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. . . . I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies at the gate.' Mr. Burke died on the 8th of June 1797, in the 68th year of his age. We shall close our article by presenting our readers with one of the last letters on political subjects which he wrote. It has not yet been published, and it shews how the ruling passion of his heart at that time—his lively abhorrence of the French Revolution, and the dread that its example would infect other states and countries, remained with him to the latest period of his existence. It was addressed to His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, who was then in London, and accompanied with a present of his Letters on a Regicide Peace.

'The Authour of the Letters, which his kinsman will have the honour of laying before the Prince of Wurtemberg, would not have presumed to think them in the smallest degree worthy of being so

presented, if the extraordinary condescension of his Serene Highness had not made it his duty to acknowledge his respectful sense of that condescension by such an offering to it as alone was in his power.

‘ He would have presented himself personally according to his Serene Highness’s gracious permission, signified to him through his friend Sir John Hippisley, to pay the homage which every one owes to the rank and virtues of the Prince of Wurtemberg, but he did not choose to affect his compassion by exhibiting to his Serene Highness the remains of an object worn out by age, grief, and infirmity, and condemned to perpetual retreat.

‘ The Authour is convinced that the favourable sentiments of the Prince with regard to those letters, are not owing to the talents of the writer, but to the cause which he has undertaken, however weakly, to defend, and of which his Serene Highness is the protector by situation and by disposition.

‘ The Authour hopes that if it should please God by his all-powerful interposition to preserve the ruins of the civilized world, his Serene Highness will become a great instrument in its necessary reparation, and that not only in the noble estates which comprize his own patrimony, but in the two great empires in which he has so natural and just an influence, as well as in the third which his Serene Highness is going to unite in interest and affection with the other two. In this he will co-operate with the beneficial and enlarged views of the illustrious house, and its virtuous chief, who are on the point of having the happiness of his alliance. To the complete success of that alliance publick and domestick, some of the Authour’s latest and most ardent vows will be directed !

‘ In the great task allotted to the sovereigns who shall remain, his Serene Highness will find it necessary to exercise, in his own territories, and also to recommend, wherever his influence shall reach, a judicious, well-tempered, and manly severity in the support of law, order, religion, and morals ; and this will be as expedient for the happiness of the people, as it will be to follow the natural bent of his own good heart, in procuring by more pleasant modes the good of the subject, who stands everywhere in need of a firm and vigorous, full as much as of a lenient and healing government.

‘ With sentiments of the most profound respect,

‘ His Serene Highness’s most faithful and obliged Servant,
 ‘ Bath, 28th of April 1797. EDMUND BURKE.’

Art. III. *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens ; ou Recherches sur les Elémens Premiers de cette Ecriture sacrée, sur leurs diverses Combinaisons, et sur les Rapports de ce Système avec les Autres Méthodes Graphiques Egyptiennes.* Par M. Champollion le Jeune. Avec un Volume de Planches. roy. 8vo. pp. 410 & 46. Paris. 1824.

THE design of this work, the learned and indefatigable Author tells us, is to demonstrate the universality of the *phonetic*

use of his alphabet ; and that of his eighth chapter is, to apply it to the proper names of the Pharaohs anterior to Cambyzes. When we opened upon this passage (p. 177), it struck us that this was assuredly a *νενικος προτικος* with a witness—a putting first of what ought to have come last ; for it is impossible for M. Champollion to demonstrate the universality of his alphabet, without having previously applied it to the proper names of the Pharaohs. Anxious to see how he works the machinery of his alphabet in this respect, we turned to cartouche 109, the first on the list of the proper names of the Pharaoh dynasty. Here, the first thing which we encounter, is a groupe of four characters ;—a plant and a semi-circle, a bee and a semi-circle, of which M. Champollion offers the following explanation.

The first inscription is preceded by the groupe which, in the hieroglyphic inscription of the Rosetta stone, always corresponds to the word *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ* of the Greek text. The two first characters of this groupe, the *plant* (S) and the *segment of a sphere* (T), are, in fact, the two first signs of the groupe (No. 270 in the plates) *souten, rex, director*, which, in the hieroglyphic inscriptions, expresses very frequently the same idea, *king*, and the *hieratic* form of which is easily recognised in the corresponding groupe of the *demotic* inscription of Rosetta. The third sign of the groupe is a bee, joined to the segment of a sphere ; the usual sign of the feminine gender in the Egyptian language, in which the word *bee* is, in fact, of that gender. If we may depend on the formal testimony of Horapollon, the bee expresses, in hieroglyphic writing, *Λαον προς Βασιλεια πισθηνον*, a people obedient to their king. We may therefore consider the four characters which compose the groupe (No. 270 b) as an established formula, signifying *the director, or king of the obedient people*, and as formed of an abbreviation of the phonetic groupe signifying *king*, and of a character purely symbolical,—the bee ; the industrious insect to whom a laborious life, directed by an admirable instinct, gives an appearance of civilization which entitles it, in fact, to be considered as the most striking emblem of a people submissive to a fixed social order and a regular power. Further, this title is sometimes replaced or followed, on the first cartouche, by that of *master of the world, lord of the world.* pp. 184, 5.

Διπλουν ερωσις η μαθορις γραμματα—Learners see double. To some such illusion we must ascribe M. Champollion's symbolical bee. There is no reason whatever for regarding this groupe as symbolical, but his being ignorant of the phonetic value of the hieroglyphic bee. The learned Egyptian is clearly at fault ; he feels it, yet refuses to confess it. We are far from meaning to insinuate that he intends to impose on his readers by attempting this explanation of what, in the present state of our knowledge, cannot be deciphered ; but he has

evidently imposed on himself. Three of the above-mentioned characters are known to be alphabetic. There is the plant S, and the semi-circle or hemisphere T; then comes the bee, the phonetic value of which is not known, and which ought, accordingly, to have been set down as a *desideratum* to be supplied by future discoveries. But no; the bee must be symbolical, and the whole, an established formula! After the bee, however, comes the semi-circle again, the alphabetic value of which has been ascertained to be T; yet this, too, must now be symbolical. Nothing can surely be more unreasonable, than to suppose that the semi-circle was introduced here merely to mark the gender of the Coptic word for bee, when, if the bee were symbolical, as M. Champollion contends, the Coptic word would have nothing to do with it. The object of the writer could not have been, to designate the gender of the Coptic word for bee, but the gender of the object which the symbol represented. Even Dr. Young admits, that the oval and the semi-circle attached to the name of Isis, are not intended to mark the gender of the Coptic word for throne, but the gender of the divinity seated on it. Surely, it is enough to assign genders to words, without giving genders to letters.

We now come to the cartouche itself, which, according to M. Champollion's alphabet, should be read R. R. K. I. I. I. But of this nothing can be made; the learned Author wisely, therefore, calls it *le prénom*, the royal legend, and abandons it with the simple intimation, that the first cartouche never contains any thing but honorary titles, such as emperor, sovereign, &c. Over the second cartouche is a goose with a circle on its back, which M. Champollion interprets *Son of Phré*, (i. e. of the Sun,) and says, that they do not connect, as was imagined, the names of father and son, but the honorary title (such as *αὐτοκρατορ*, with which is sometimes joined 'Son of the Sun') and the real name. In the second cartouche, he reads the letters A. M. N. F., which he interprets, 'Amenophis the First, the third king of the eighteenth dynasty' (of Manetho), A. C. 1614. The fourth letter, F, is not, however, in M. Champollion's alphabet, and is as likely to be M. as F.; on which supposition, the whole would read, 'Beloved of Ammon,' and there would be no proper name at all in the cartouche, which he affirms always to contain the proper name.* Two characters in the cartouche, however,

* M. Champollion maintains, however, that *Amenof* (the Greek *Memnon*) is but an abbreviation of *Amenofter*, 'celui qu' Ammon a goûté.'

still remain undeciphered, and these M. C. leaves in the present instance unnoticed. They occur again in cartouche No. 111, and then, although the learned Author has not assigned, and, as far as we are aware, cannot assign, any reason why these two characters are not to be regarded as part of the proper name, he reads the four letters A. M. N. F., and calls the remaining two '*un titre honorifique*;' which is not less absurd than it would be to read his name *Cham*, and call *pollion* a title of honour. Thus, out of thirty-one characters of which these two cartouches consist, M. C. has read only ten, and yet, he pretends to have expounded the whole. Of the groupe No. 110, he knows only two letters in the second cartouche, which he reads MeS, and translates *son*; yet, connecting it with the 'symbol' by which it is surmounted, and which is affirmed to be the symbolic proper name of the god Thoth or Thôout, he explains the whole to be 'Touthmosis, seventh king of the 'eighteenth dynasty.' But what is this achievement, in which he had two letters to work with, compared to the ingenuity exercised upon cartouche No. 120, in which M. C. knows not one letter of the name, and yet reads 'Psammus, third king 'of the twenty-third dynasty?' *Quid subtilius aut magis tenue quam quod nihil est?* We must give his own explanation.

'This proper name, as it can be expressed by a single sign, is certainly not phonetic; it must therefore be symbolic, and we have only to ascertain the symbolic value of this same sign,—the anterior parts of a lion. The inestimable work of Horapollon fully satisfies us on this point. He states, that the Egyptians, wishing to express strength (*ἄλκην δι' ὑπερφόρτες*), represented the anterior parts of a lion. And the word in the language spoken by the Egyptians, which specifically expresses this idea, *ἄλκη*, *robur*, is *djom*, *sjom*, or *sjam*, according to the dialects,—the word which is also the true Egyptian orthography of the name of the Egyptian Hercules, which the Greeks wrote *Σημ*, *Σήμος*, and *Γομός*. Now, the king whom Manetho makes the immediate successor of the king Osorthos (Osortasen), is *ΨΑΜΜΟΥΣ*; a proper name in which we cannot mistake the same root, formed into a noun by the addition of the determinate masculine article *π*, which has produced *Psjom*, *Pdjom*, *Psjam*, THE MIGHTY ONE, or more simply, (the Egyptian) HERCULES.' pp. 200, 1.

But M. Champollion is so carried away by his lion, that he leaves two letters in this cartouche unexplained. These, if read by his alphabet, are T and A, or R; so that, if the lion's head and shoulders be *djom*, the name must be Djomta or Djomter! Give an antiquary an inch, and he will take a yard. We thought we had conceded enough, when we allowed ourselves to be persuaded that *Tomtens* meant Domitian, and *Krmnks* Ger-

manicus*. We were next required to allow *Ptahf* to be Ptah-astep and Petoubastes, and *Sam Tig* to be Psammiticus. But to admit Djomter to be first of all cut down to Pidjom, and then transformed into Psammus, is really more than we can conscientiously grant even to M. Champollion. From *ἰσση* to King Pepin were, after this, but an easy leap. And why are we called upon to do this? Merely because M. Champollion does not know the alphabetic value of a lion's head and shoulders, and will not confess his ignorance!

The fact seems to be, that the view which he had taken of Hieroglyphics, is too simple, not only for general satisfaction, but for his own. The public seem to expect something occult in hieroglyphics,—something great, that shall compensate for the gaping amazement with which, for three thousand years, they have been ignorantly stared at. They will not be brought to believe, that a lion is but an L., a sibilant goose but an S.; that Dr. Young's favourite semi-circle is but a T, Jupiter Ammon but a B, and the great Apis himself, *θεός τε Αιγυπτίους ἱεργυαίος*, a mere round O helping to spell the name of his greatest enemy. M. Champollion, alarmed for his symbols, recoiling at the havoc which himself hath made, looks round in his exigency for the aid of Horapollo; and no sooner, in the present instance, does he gain sight of the symbolic lion's *εμπροσθεν*, than up he springs,—*adieu, frère Jean, 'le texte est formel,'*—and off he gallops, like Munchausen on the forepart of his charger, reckless of all behind. He beats a similar retreat, in another instance, (No. 105,) on the lion's other half—*'les parties postérieures d'un lion.'*

In cartouche No. 113, the Author shews us the name of *Ramses Meiamoun*, but he leaves three characters unexplained, which might make it any thing else. He deserves our best thanks, however, for shewing us, in the next cartouche, the name of 'Ramses the Great, first king of the nineteenth dynasty,' better known under the name of Sesostris; the lid of whose sarcophagus, adorned with his effigy and that of two of his wives, was brought from the Harp tomb in Thebes, and is now at Cambridge. The name of Ramses is much better made out in this cartouche, than any of the others in the whole list of the Pharaohs. The letters are RAMSS. M. C. shews us the same name on the columns at Karnac, and that of Ramses Meiamoun is seen where the monarch is reposing on his chariot to witness the spectacle of the mutilation of the captives, on the walls of Medinat Abou.

* Eclectic Review, Dec. 1823. (Vol. XX.) p. 492.

In the remaining cartouches of the Pharaohs, fifteen in all, we find something defective or redundant, which, as we have shewn in the above instances, requires an unwarrantable license to be exercised in supplying or omitting, in order that the name *guessed out* may seem to tally with the characters. An honest critic must read as it is written: he has no right to make additions or retrenchments. We think that M. Champollion has decidedly failed in his interpretation of the '*prenoms*,' not one of which is satisfactory.

We are far from thinking that this failure is attributable to any thing erroneous in the Author's system of phonetic hieroglyphics. The opinion that hieroglyphics were but letters, had been maintained by many writers before M. Champollion. His own countryman Loys le Roy says: 'The Egyptians in holy things did use the figures of beasts for letters, which they called hieroglyphics;' and Pliny, speaking of an inscription on an obelisk, uses the following expressions: *Etenim sculptura illa effigiesque quas videmus Ægyptiæ sunt literæ*.* His system is undoubtedly the true one; and his failures arise from his attempting to explain more than the state of his knowledge warrants him to do,—his culpably blinking difficulties, and passing over characters which he does not know, as if they were known. He that smothers up a difficulty, is not less an enemy of science than he that ridicules a truth; for difficulties ought, like the sick of old, to be exhibited in the market-place, that every head might contribute its aid towards their solution—το τεχνον πασα γαῖα τρεφει. Difficulties are the raw material out of which the new truths of science are to be manufactured,—the ore that must be assayed before it will yield its grains of precious metal.

From the Egyptian, M. Champollion proceeds to the Persian epoch, of which the only name that he has hitherto discovered, is Xerxes, which he reads KHSCHEARSCHA. It is accompanied with a groupe which he reads *Irina*, 'that is, Iranian, or Persian.' The inscription occurs on an alabaster vase belonging to the King of France, on which the same name is also inscribed in Persepolitan or cuneiform characters. To these succeed the hieroglyphic names of the Greek and Roman sovereigns of Egypt, the greater part of which were previously noticed in the Author's "Letter to M. Dacier." Zoëgo, in his learned and excellent work "De Origine et Usu Obeliscorum," calculated 950 distinct hieroglyphic signs. M. Champollion has counted 864. Of these, 100

* Book xxxvi. c. 8.

consist of furniture and works of art; 120 of the human form in different positions; 150 of utensils and instruments of different kinds; 20 figures and geometric forms; and 50 fantastic forms. His alphabet is composed of 134 pure hieroglyphics answering to twenty-five articulate sounds, which, according to Plutarch, were the number of letters in the ancient Egyptian alphabet—we presume he means after the adoption of the Greek alphabet. We have 118 linear or outlined hieroglyphics, 88 hieratic, and 76 demotic characters; besides which M. C. presents the reader a general table of hieroglyphic signs and groupings, thirty-eight of which are alphabetic forms, such as affixes, prefixes, prepositions, articles, pronouns, verbs, (which, he says, have only three tenses, the present, the past, and the future,) &c. Twenty-eight are phonetic names of the deities. Seventeen are figurative names,—that is, actual figures or representations of seventeen deities; among whom we are rather surprised not to find Mendes or Pan, '*summum et antiquissimum Egyptiorum numen*.' Twenty-four are symbolic names of deities, several of which are so complicated, that we are disposed to regard them as phonetic, and as thrown into this class merely from ignorance of their alphabetic value. M. Champollion seems grievously alarmed lest all mysticism should be excluded from the subject, and he still clings to the symbolic interpretation, in spite of his own system. The work of Horapollon Nilæus is as much a book of emblems as that of Heinsius Alciatus, Junius, Lombucus, Schoenhovius, or any other such author, and can avail him no more in expounding phonetic hieroglyphics, than they would assist in explaining the alphabets of their own language. It is, moreover, unfortunate, that not one of his symbolic names corresponds to those mentioned by Horapollon. M. Champollion has given altogether a list of 450 hieroglyphics which he has explained. We would earnestly recommend him to separate such as are doubtful from such as are fully ascertained, and to print them in distinct lists, together with a list of those the meaning of which he has not ascertained.

In taking leave, for the present, of this most indefatigable and intelligent Author, we thank him very sincerely for the entertainment and instruction which his work has afforded us. We have spoken freely, as became us, of what we consider as the error into which he has been betrayed by losing sight of his own principles, and by a nervous impatience of difficulties. But, in hieroglyphic learning, M. Champollion has no competitor. He is the Mahommed Ali of Egyptian literature. He promises a work on the chronology of Egyptian monu-

ments, which we shall look for with impatience. In the mean time, we beg leave, in conclusion, to present to our readers an extract on that subject from the work before us.

'The monuments raised by the piety and power of the Pharaohs, or the kings of the Egyptian race, are the following, known for the most part under the modern names of the towns or villages near which they are situated: The ruins of San (the ancient Tanis), the obelisk of Heliopolis, the palace of Abydos or El Arabah, a small temple at Dendera, Karnac, Looksor, Medamoud, Kourna, the Memnonium, the palace called the Tomb of Osymandias, the superb excavations of Beban el Melouk, the greater part of the *hypogea* which pierce in every direction the Lybian mountain in the latitude of Thebes, the temples of Elephantina, and a very small portion of the edifices of Philoe in Egypt. In Nubia, the monuments of the earliest style and of the same date as those just mentioned, are the temples of Ghirshé, Wady Essebouah, one of the edifices of Kalabshe, the two magnificent excavations and the colossi of Ibamboul, the temples of Amada, of Derry, of Moharraka; lastly, that of Soleb, towards the frontiers of Ethiopia.

'The only well-known monuments of the Greek and Roman epoch, are, in Egypt, the temple of Bahbeit, the Kasr-Keroun, the portico of Kau-el-Keber, the great temple and typhonium of Dendera, the portico of Esneh, the temple to the north of Esneh, the temple and typhonium of Edfou, the temples of Ombos, as well as the larger edifices of Philoe; lastly, in Nubia, the temples of Kalabshe, Dendour, and Dakke.

'I am unable to fix the eras of some other known edifices of Egypt and Nubia, not having yet obtained drawings of the royal legends which those buildings bear; such as the temples of Hermontis, El Kab, Taoud, Syene, Aschmounain, Fazoun, and the Oases.'

pp. 387, 8.

The classification of these monuments is an important step towards the elucidation of Egyptian history, and will assist more particularly in determining the much controverted question, whether Egypt derived its worship and literature from the African Ethiopia, or whether they were of Asiatic origin, and, ascending the Nile, extended into Nubia. M. Champollion is decidedly in favour of their African origin.

'The monuments of Nubia are,' he says, 'in fact, covered with hieroglyphics perfectly similar, both in their form and arrangement, to those inscribed on the edifices of Thebes. We find there, the same elements, the same formulæ, the same words, the same language; and the names of the kings by whom the most ancient were erected, are those of the princes who constructed the most ancient parts of the palace of Karnac at Thebes. The ruins of the beautiful edifice of Soleb, situated on the Nile, nearly two hundred leagues further south than Philoe, the extreme frontier of Egypt, are the most remote known to exist, which bear the royal legend of an Egypt-

tian king. Thus, as early as the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs, that is to say, nearly 3400 years before the present era, Nubia was inhabited by a people speaking the same language, employing the same writing, holding the same faith, and subjected to the same kings, as the Egyptians.

‘But, from Soleb to about the fifteenth degree of North latitude, proceeding southward and ascending the Nile, in ancient Ethiopia, and over an area of more than two hundred leagues, are scattered a multitude of other great monuments, which belong to nearly the same general system of architecture as the temples of Nubia and Egypt. They are equally adorned with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and contain representations of gods, which bear in the sacred writing the same names and the same legends as the divinities sculptured on the temples of Egypt and Nubia. The same analogy exists in the titles and the forms of the royal legends; but the proper names of the kings inscribed on the edifices of Ethiopia, in phonetic hieroglyphics, that have come to my knowledge, have absolutely nothing in common with the proper names of the Egyptian kings mentioned in the long chronological series of Manetho. Nor do any of them occur either on the monuments of Nubia or on those of Egypt. From this fact, established by an examination of the numerous drawings of Ethiopian monuments brought home by our enterprising traveller M. Callaud, it follows that there was a time in which the civilised part of Ethiopia, the peninsula of Meroe, and the banks of the Nile between Meroe and Dongola, were inhabited by a people possessing a language, a written character, a religion, and arts similar to those of Egypt, who were independent of the Egyptian kings of Thebes and of Memphis.’ pp. 391—3.

This is a highly interesting fact; and the testimony of the classical authors is in favour of the opinion, that the superstitions and literature of Egypt migrated from Ethiopia northward. There is nothing, however, in this opinion, which militates against the primary Asiatic origin of the great African family. It is altogether a gratuitous supposition, that Lower Egypt, great part of which is probably made land, originally a vast marsh uninhabitable, was first peopled. It is more natural to suppose, that the first settlers proceeded from the Arabian peninsula, where its southern extremity approaches nearest the eastern coast. The origin of the Pyramids is a distinct question. The absence of inscriptions renders it difficult to fix with precision either their date or the country of the architects; but this very circumstance, as Dr. Richardson has remarked, strengthens the opinion that they are the monuments of an exotic faith and a foreign conquest. Hieroglyphics were an unknown language to the Asiatic invaders. They were doubtless the invention of the Egyptian Hermes whoever he was, and their high antiquity is unquestionable. The knowledge of hieroglyphics, the only species of writing

then known, formed, there can be little question, part of that "wisdom of the Egyptians"* into which Moses was initiated; and if we exclude the idea of Divine Revelation in accounting for the origin of Alphabetic writing, we may suppose that the Jewish legislator so far improved upon the Egyptian art, as to form from idiographic signs the first Hebrew alphabet. Jacob Bryant's opinion, that there was no (alphabetic) writing antecedent to the giving of the Law at Mount Sinai, would, on either hypothesis, seem to be by no means unreasonable. 'Here,' he says, 'the Divine art was promulgated, of which other nations partook; the Tyrians and Sidonians first, as they were the nearest to the fountain head.† What he remarks of the Chaldeans and Babylonians, may, with great propriety, be applied to the Egyptians. 'They are greatly celebrated for their wisdom and learning; and they were undoubtedly a most wonderful people, and had certainly *all the learning that could arise from hieroglyphical representations.* They had, I make no doubt, the knowledge of lines, by which geometrical problems must be illustrated; and they had the use of figures for numeration; but they were without letters for ages. For if they had been so fortunate as to have had for so long a time these elements, they were too ingenious a people not to have used them to better purpose. They were ingenious and wise above the rest of the sons of men, but had no pretensions to literature properly so called. For I cannot help forming a judgement of the learning of a people, from the materials with which it is expedited and carried on. And I should think that literature must have been scanty, or none at all, where the means above mentioned' (stones, slabs, bricks, and tiles) 'were applied to. For it is impossible for people to receive any great benefit from letters, where they are obliged to go to a shard or an oyster-shell for information, and where knowledge is consigned to a pantile.‡

Art. IV. *A concise Exposition of the Apocalypse, so far as the Prophecies are fulfilled; several of which are interpreted in a different Way from that adopted by other Commentators.* By J. R. Parks, M. D. 8vo. pp. 94. Price 5s. London. 1823.

THE Author of this book has shewn his judgement to advantage at least in two respects; he has restricted his in-

* Acts vii. 22.

† Analysis of Antient Mythology. vol. iv. p. 158; ‡ Ibid. pp. 160, 1.

terpretation of the Apocalypse to the prophecies which have been fulfilled; and remembering the maxim of former days, when book-making and publishing were not quite so common as they are at present, that a great book is a great evil, he has condensed his observations into comparatively little space. The peculiarity alluded to in the title, consists in regarding the Apocalypse as altogether a spiritual, and not a political prophecy; as relating exclusively to the progress of true religion, and not to the history of the Roman empire. This principle, the Author has adopted from the very admirable work of Archdeacon Woodhouse, to which he acknowledges his obligations, and which he has taken as his guide. Occasionally, however, he diverges from the path of his leader; as in the interpretation of the fifth trumpet, which the Archdeacon explains of the Gnostic heresy, but which the present Writer considers as applying to the Mahomedan apostacy. In assigning the limits of his expository labours to 'the prophecies which have been fulfilled,' Dr. Park has fixed on the pouring out of the Sixth Vial; the accomplishment of which, he thinks, is obviously taking place in the impending fate of the Ottoman empire. As the section in which this portion of the book of the Revelation is explained, is short, we shall transcribe it as a specimen of this concise Exposition,

‘ THE SIXTH VIAL.

CHAPTER XVI,

1800 — 1850.

‘ Verse 12. *And the sixth poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared.*

‘ 13. *And I saw from the mouth of the dragon, and from the mouth of the beast, and from the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits, as it were frogs.*

‘ 14. *For they are spirits of demons, working wonders, which go forth upon the kings of the whole region, to gather them together for the battle of that great day of the Almighty God.*

‘ The History extending to the East as well as the West, now intimates the downfall of the Ottoman Empire; the great barrier that prevents the dissemination of Christianity among the Eastern nations.

‘ The nature of these three spirits may be inferred from their origin. From the dragon proceeds irreligion; from the beast, worldly ambition; from the false prophet, false religion, Mahomedism.

‘ These will be leagued together for the support of their worldly interests, and in opposition to those of true religion; but will receive a signal overthrow.

'15. Behold, I come as a thief, blessed is he who watcheth, and preserveth his garments, that he may not walk naked, and they see his shame.

'16. And they gathered them together unto the place which is called in Hebrew Armageddon.

'The drying up of the Euphrates, (in evident allusion to the dominion established by the Euphratean horsemen under the Sixth Trumpet,) is a metaphor that appears singularly appropriate to the gradual manner in which the Ottoman empire is now dwindling away. And as the Eastern and Western Apostacy arose at the same time, so it here appears that they are destined to fall together. There can scarcely be a doubt, that the third party to the league announced in verse 13, applies to the imposture of Mahomet, and to the Turks.'

'And this defeat, though foretold and looked for, will yet be more sudden than is expected.

'Whether the final conflict be spiritual, or political, or both, the event alone can determine.

Perhaps some profound investigator of the preceding passage, who may be more highly gifted than his brethren with clear and penetrating sight, may discover the Triumvirs of the Holy Alliance in the symbolic frogs or three unclean spirits. They are certainly leagued together for the support of their worldly interests; they are besides working wonders; and they also go forth upon the kings of the earth. And who can doubt that a signal overthrow awaits the members of a league which was formed for the oppression of mankind, and the destruction of every right and privilege which lift men above the degradations and miseries of slavery? And who will scruple to repeat his prayer, that He who sits in the heavens, and laughs at the deeply laid counsels of these rulers of the world, and holds in contempt and scorn their unhallowed projects, may soon confound their devices, and, in the utter confusion and ruin of all the measures which they oppose to freedom and religion, may open the way for the advancement of truth, and righteousness, and peace?

This concise Exposition deserves to be recommended as a useful outline of the Apocalyptic predictions and their fulfilment.

Art. V. 1. *A Narrative of the Political and Military Transactions of British India under the Administration of the Marquess of Hastings, 1813 to 1818.* By Henry T. Prinsep, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bengal. 4to. Price 2l. 12s. 6d. London.

2. *Considerations on the State of British India*, embracing the subjects of Colonization, Missionaries, the State of the Press, the Nepaul and Mahratta Wars, the Civil Government and Indian Army. By Lieut. A. White, of the Bengal Native Infantry. 8vo. Price 12s. Edinburgh.

INDIA has of late years been the theatre of the most memorable exploits, and of the most astonishing vicissitudes of empire. The policy by which so tremendous a mass of empire has been accumulated, as England now possesses there, and the civil wisdom by which it is to be preserved, are problems in political science highly deserving of serious meditation, and they have recently called forth the most anxious inquiry. The public mind is at last fully awakened to the importance of the subject; and the civil and military affairs of that country are no longer considered as being little more than what Milton, speaking of the disorders of the Saxon heptarchy, called, 'the skirmishing of kites and crows.'

The first contemplation of an empire geographically extended from Cape Comorin to the utmost natural barriers of India, the Humalachy, the sandy deserts of the Indus northward, and the impenetrable forests and mountains on its eastern side, fills the mind with an image of terrific greatness, not unlike that produced by the huge impending masses of external nature, which seem every moment ready to fall by their own magnitude. But the difficulty vanishes so soon as we examine the minute texture of our Indian government, which is one great federative constitution, where treaties stand in place of physical superiority, where influence produces all the effect of military strength, and the whole system is kept close and compact, because, either by contrivance or by accident, the various native powers think that they govern themselves, although not a shadow of political independence is left to them. Analyzed into its elements, it will be found little more than a government of opinion, carried on by means of the confidence reposed in us, by those in whom the physical strength resides, and by those chiefs and princes who, having been forced successively into our alliance, find that they reap such benefits from it, as render them unwilling to desert it.

It is obvious, that this confederacy is subject to many dangers; and it has been the necessity of successively obviating

them, and preventing their recurrence, that has compelled us, in the very teeth of acts of parliament and of the fundamental policy of the East India Company, to go on enlarging our territory, till it has arrived at the bloated and gigantic empire which it exhibits at this moment, to the awe and astonishment of mankind. Never was this political association more endangered, than by the predatory hordes which lately overran the whole central part of India, under the name of Pindarrees—a word of uncertain etymology. From the rapidity of their movements, the whole of this immense space was converted into a theatre of rapine and disorder. It became necessary, therefore, to put down the evil, which, in 1814, had arrived at a height that threatened the dissolution of the British empire in India. They engaged in the most distant expeditions, passing the most formidable barriers of nature and of military skill with impunity and success, and baffling every attempt, however well concerted, to intercept their return. It is immaterial how the predatory hordes acquired the strength which they had attained at the period we have mentioned. It is sufficient to say, that their actual condition rendered them a distinct political interest of the day, and objects of the most vigilant and apprehensive precaution. Hyder Ali, in the fullness of his power and his animosity, scarcely required equal circumspection. The actual military force at their disposal amounted to 40,000 horse, including the Patans, an immense band, who, though better disciplined, supported themselves by bloodshed and depredation. This number would be doubled by adding the remainder of Holkar's irregular troops, who were daily deserting the service of a falling house, to engage in the more lucrative career of predatory enterprise, and the loose cavalry of Scindia and the Bhoosla, which were bound by no ties beyond those of actual entertainment, and were besides in great arrears of pay. It was in Malwa and the contiguous provinces, now officially called Central India, a region little known heretofore, and scarcely laid down in the maps, that they found a secure asylum. This country had for thirty years been exposed to unremitted anarchy and warfare, and it was a rallying point from which they poured out their unnumbered cavalry in every direction, who carried devastation and plunder wherever they went. The situation of these provinces, nearly equi-distant from the dominions of the three Presidencies, rendered it necessary to keep up annually the most expensive system of precaution; notwithstanding which the provinces of our allies were perpetually overrun. In 1808, they entered Guzerat; in 1812, they devastated the Bengal provinces of Murzapor and Shahabad, which for years had

been exempted from such a calamity. A principle of concert naturally grows up among those who are intent on a common object, although they may not yet be united under any single chieftain. Yet, had such a person arisen among them, they might have been modelled into the same description of force, that Timour and Zengis Khan had employed to desolate the Eastern world. They resembled the bands of Companions, that swarmed all over Europe in the fourteenth century, and only wanted a leader of superior energy. At the same time, two chiefs, military adventurers of great enterprise and activity, had attained among the Patan tribe a fearful pre-eminence. For the Patans were a regular and efficient army, who extorted contributions from the weaker states by hovering around them, and not unfrequently by overrunning their territories. Against the Pindarrees and these powers, we were forced into a constant state of preparation; and it became the more requisite, when the death of the less active of the two leaders, placed Ameer-Khan at the head of a force amounting to 30,000 horse and foot, with artillery well manned and served.

In 1814, the strength of the Pindarrees exclusively was estimated at about 33,000 horse. Such was the anomalous and undefinable force that had grown up in the heart of India. Its leading feature was hostility to all regular governments, and we were obliged to keep up a constant vigilance along the whole south-western frontier of the Bengal presidency; while for the security of the Dekhan, the subsidiary forces of the Nizam and the Peishwah were obliged annually to move to the northern frontier of their territories. But, in spite of every precaution, they were frequently penetrated by this new enemy,—a moral pest in the bosom of our states,—an array of all the unsettled spirits of the empire against the well-being and repose of society. But it may elucidate the military part of the historical notice which we shall endeavour to lay before our readers, to give a rapid sketch of the political position of the several states and their disposition towards the British Government at the beginning of the year 1814.

We were connected by subsidiary alliance with five native powers;—the Nizam at Hydrabad, the Peishwah at Poonah, the Gykwar in Guzerat, and the Rajahs of Mysore and Travancore. We omit all mention of the nominal power of the Nabob of Oude,—a mere political pageant wholly subservient to the British Government. A subsidiary alliance is thus constituted. We stipulate to furnish a specific force to protect the country, and to maintain the political authority of the sovereign. A subsidy equivalent to the expense of the force, is furnished by the state thus protected, generally not in money, but by terri-

torial cessions. The states thus in alliance with us engage to discontinue all political negotiation with the other powers of India, unless in concert with ourselves; to submit all claims or controversies to our arbitration, and above all, that, in cases of exigency, the whole resources of the allies should be under our command and direction. Of these, the Nizam was the most attached to the British Government, chiefly from a sense of weakness, and the conviction that he could not stand, if deprived of our protection. Not so the Peishwah. It was a hollow, insincere connexion, and the provident mind of Lord Wellesley had, so long ago as 1804, foreseen the rupture which, fourteen years afterwards, broke out between the British Government and Bajee Row. Over the three remaining powers, our ascendancy was firmly fixed. But there was another class of states under our protection, who paid no subsidy, and whom we were not under an obligation to protect by a specific force. These were the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, the Bundela chiefs, and the Sheikhs. The first of these viewed us with fear and distrust.

‘His whole conduct,’ says Mr. Prinsep, ‘has shewn him to be the most hostile in heart and disposition of all the princes of India. Feeling that his former success had made him the rallying point of disaffection from all quarters, he seemed evidently to court that dangerous pre-eminence, and to assume the attitude of one, that rather sought than avoided another occasion of trying his fortune against us.’ *Prinsep*, p. 9.

The other protected chiefs were in general contented. But it would have been unreasonable to expect that so extended a system of alliance, composed of materials so various and discordant, should not be liable to constant interruption from the dispositions and caprices of the several members of the confederations. It required, therefore, the greatest forbearance towards all these different sentiments, and great providence and caution, to manage so vast a machine of policy with any kind of success.

With other states, we had no other connexion than that of amity. These were, the Scindiah, the Bhoosla, and the Holkar families. British residents were stationed at the courts of the former two; but the Holkar family did not require it, for, after the death of Jeswunt Row Holkar, the power which his personal ability had built up, was crumbling fast into decay. Up to 1814, the disposition of Scindiah was favourable. He found us punctual in our payment of the seven lack of rupees we had stipulated to pay both him and his chiefs; and feeling that as long as he abstained from the territories of our

actual allies, we left him to pursue his own schemes of plunder or invasion within the limits from which he had withdrawn, he had been sensible of no restraints from our superiority. The state of Holkar's court was similar.—But still, amidst all this seeming concord, there was an unsoundness in the system; and its dissolution had been predicted by many, at the period when its foundations were first laid. For even before 1814, it had been manifest that the settlement of 1805, instead of having a tendency to wean the population of India from habits of military adventure, rather multiplied the inducements and the opportunities to engage in predatory warfare.

The minds of the authorities at home, to whom Lord Hastings submitted the growing mischief of the Pindarrees, were not sufficiently on a level with the exigency. In September 1816, instructions arrived from England, authorizing him to expel them from the territory they had usurped in Malwa and Saugor, and to enter into such negotiations with the neighbouring chieftains, as would prevent their re-establishment. The Marquis of Hastings saw the full extent of this portentous evil, and he saw also the remedies which it required.

‘The evil,’ says Lieut. White, ‘existed in the want of a supreme and controlling power, possessing a decided superiority in character and resources, which, interposing its authority, could organize a league of the different states, of whose confederation the primary object should be the preservation of the public tranquillity by uniting their efforts to crush the lawless banditti who were let loose upon society. 2ndly. The entire dislocation of political society in central India, the perpetual contests for dominion which it exhibited, rendered it necessary, that there should be some definite boundary which would restrain the pretensions of the rival parties; and by offering the guarantee of their respective possessions, and binding each member of the league to respect their mutual territories, there appeared a fair prospect of restoring tranquillity to these troubled regions. The commanding attitude of the British government naturally pointed it out as the only power which could organize the league, or which had sufficient authority to enforce the decrees of this Asiatic congress. Such were the views entertained by Lord Hastings, as indispensable to the erection of a permanent political system in central India. The breaking up of the Mussulman empire, and the decline of the power of the Scindiah and Holkar, had removed every efficient check, and rendered central India a vast theatre of anarchy and misrule. Possessing no government which could control the malignant and predatory character of its population, there existed an imperious call that Britain should step forward and protect the rights of outraged humanity.’ *White*, pp. 215, 16.

We are disposed to concur in the wisdom of Lord Hastings's

policy. Had the other plan been prosecuted, what would have resulted? Driven out of Malwa, they would have found an asylum with Holkar and Scindiah. The nature of the evil was such, that nothing short of its complete extirpation could be remedial of it. It was, therefore, announced to the Mahratta states, that the period was arrived, when it was incumbent upon them either to join in the league for the extirpation of the common foe, or to incur the hostility of the British Government. It was also intimated to the independent states of Rajapootana and Bhopaul, that they would be included in the league, on the consideration of paying a moderate sum to the British Government, as the price of protection. But we confess that, according to our notions of political morality, there are some parts of the policy which are of ambiguous justice. Considering the avowed connexion between Scindiah and Holkar and the Pindarree leaders, it was not unjust that they should be called upon to unite in their suppression. The case, we think, was different with the other states. All compulsory aid is at best feebleness. It could be justified only on the principle that these powers could not withstand the Pindarrees, and that their resources would be employed against us. But this is improbable. The safety of the Pindarrees was in perpetual flight. They could not organize a systematic resistance. If they once halted, they were lost.

The whole disposable force of the three Presidencies was ordered into the field, and presented a magnificent spectacle of British resources. Not fewer than 100,000 regular troops and 20,000 irregulars were destined to act against the Pindarrees. On the side of Hindostan, four divisions, under the personal command of Lord Hastings, were directed to act offensively, while two divisions were reserved for the protection of the frontier; four others were ready for operations on the Madras and Bombay frontier, and one was reserved for the defence of our territory. Advancing simultaneously and on an extended base, this powerful force was enabled to sweep the whole of Central India, to hem in the Pindarrees within the different divisions, and to render their destruction inevitable. On the 16th of October 1817, Lord Hastings assumed the command of the grand army, and immediately advanced against Scindiah's capital. This chieftain had not only manifested extreme reluctance to co-operate with the British, but had given support and encouragement to the Pindarrees. The appearance of a powerful British army compelled him to join the confederation; and he agreed to furnish 5000 horse, to be at the disposal of the British Government, and under the command of a British officer, in furtherance of the common

object. As a security for the fulfilment of his engagements, he ceded to us the forts of Asseer-gur and Hindia during the war. The measures of the Governor-General were crowned with equal success in his negotiations with Ameer-Khan, who agreed to disband his army on condition of having secured to him the integrity of his dominions which he held under a grant of Holkar. Thus, the important district of Rajah-pootana was liberated from 30,000 spoilers, educated and disciplined to depredation, some of whom adopted more innocent pursuits, either becoming occupiers of lands ceded to them for that purpose, or enlisting into our own service.

While the British operations were going on with unexampled success against the Pindarrees, events happened which threw a sudden gloom over our prospects, and were pregnant with the utmost peril to the British power in India;—the unexpected revolt of the Peishwa at Poonah, and the defection of the Nagpoor Rajah. The predisposing causes to this disaffection were various. Cherishing a rooted aversion to our ascendancy, they looked at the immense force which we had collected, and saw, or thought they saw in it, the signal of their own extinction. Under these erroneous impressions, the Peishwah proceeded to excite a general confederacy against us. The hollow friendship of Scindiah, Holkar, and the Nagpoor Rajah interposed but slight impediments to the execution of this project. They were eager to enter into the league; but their jealousies and disunions rendered it a loose and infirm compact. As it generally happens in these cases, they acted without plan or concert. Instead of reserving their preparations for the season when alone they could be effectual, when our forces were scattered into their cantonments, and might have been surprised, they opened their hostilities at a period when we had the most powerful armies in the field, and when the strongest of the Mahrattas, Scindia, was compelled to yield to our overwhelming superiority. The Peishwah Bajee Row's intentions of heading the league, had long been evident to Mr. Elphinstone, our resident at that court. Towards the end of October, Mahratta troops began to collect at Poona. They encamped close round the cantonment of our subsidiary brigade, whose situation, calculated for the defence of the city from external attack, was particularly open to surprise, when menaced by an enemy from within and without. Their situation grew every day more alarming. Each successive corps encroached upon their cantonment, and the horsemen rode blustering and prancing about, as is usual with Indian troops when their designs are unfriendly. Mr. Elphinstone had observed these appearances, and having remonstrated ineffectually with Bajee Row, he re-

solved to move the brigade to Kirkee, and despatched letters for the European detachment, which, by a forced march, reached Kirkee on the 1st of November.

The city of Poona stands on the right bank of the Moota-moola river, which runs from east to west, taking its name from the two streams which unite to the north-west of the town. Just at the point of the confluence, stood the British Residency, separated from the city by the Moota, while the Moola came down with a sweep from the north. This latter river was fordable opposite to the Residency; and about a mile up the stream, there was a good bridge over it, above which the river took a semicircular reach to the north. At the western extremity of the semicircle, lies the village of Kirkee, between which and the river to the east, is an admirable position for a brigade to occupy, protected by the river in the rear and on the left, and supported on the right flank by the village. The original cantonment was on the right bank of the Moota-moola east of the city, and close upon it, so that both the city and the Moota lay between the brigade and the Residency. By moving the troops to Kirkee, the Residency lay, on the contrary, between them and the enemy, forming an advanced position towards the city. Major Ford's battalions were cantoned at Dhapoor, a few miles distant to the west.' *Prinsep. p. 240.*

Every day produced more decisive symptoms of hostility. Mr. Elphinstone, therefore, thought it right to increase his force by the light battalion that had been ordered to Seroor by General Smith, as soon as he had heard of the disaffection which was going on at Poona. The news of its approach reached Bajee Row on the 5th, and his army was instantly in motion. The Resident lost no time in proceeding to the brigade. He was no sooner gone, than the Peishwa joined his army, which lay a little south-west of Poona, and immediately advanced on the Residency, took possession of the houses, which were plundered and burnt, and among these, the books and papers of Mr. Elphinstone, an irreparable loss.

The position at Kirkee was admirably adapted to purposes of defence, but it was agreed by the Resident and Colonel Burr, that the brigade should advance and fight its battle in the plain between Kirkee and the city. The plan was highly judicious; for it was uncertain how far the seapoys had been proof against the late attempts to seduce them, and it was desirable therefore, to risk something for the sake of inspiring them with additional confidence in themselves and their cause; whereas to coop them up in a defensive position, exposed to the taunts and insults of the Mahratta cavalry, would have had a most disheartening effect, and must have increased the desertions by giving the enemy a shew of superiority. The enemy were besides well provided with artillery, which would have enabled them to give great annoyance to the position, and to wear out the spirits of the men by a succession of casualties, before General

Smith should arrive, which could not at the shortest be in less than a week. Moreover, though the Mahrattas were at present confident in a great numerical superiority, an advance to the attack in despite of their numbers would confound them, and raise the spirits of our own people. At the same time, if we could obtain but a partial success in the plain, it would dishearten the enemy, and prevent him from attempting any thing against our position.

The fighting commenced a few minutes after Mr. Elphinstone had reached the brigade by the Kirkee bridge. The enemy shewed immense bodies of horse on our front, and opened a heavy cannonade from many guns, but chiefly from a distance. The fire was returned from the four six-pounders of the brigade, two of which were placed on each flank of the Europeans. In the mean time, the Mahrattas attempted to push bodies of horse round our flank, in which manœuvre they partly succeeded. A spirited charge was then made in close column by one of Gokla's battalions, commanded by Pinto, a Portuguese officer. It was directed against the left of our line, where the first battalion of the seventh was posted. The battalion was driven back after a sharp contest, with the loss of Pinto and many other men; but the first battalion of the seventh, in its eagerness to follow up the success, for the purpose of capturing the guns of the repulsed, became separated from the general line of the brigade. Our battalion was in considerable danger, the horse having got round both its flanks; but Colonel Burr hastening to the post with a part of the European regiment, while the two guns on its left were served with great effect, was enabled to restore the day, bring back the battalion into line, and afterwards form it (*en potence*) at right angles with the line, to check any further ill consequence from the enemy's out-flanking us. Major Ford had by this time brought up his battalions on the right, which had a similar effect on that flank.

Prinsep, pp. 244—246.

This was the only instance in which the Mahrattas came to close quarters with us. At night-fall, our troops returned to Kirkee. Our loss is stated at 18 killed and 57 wounded. The enemy left 500 on the field. Bajee Row, seeing fresh horse coming in from Seroor, gave us no further molestation, but encamped his army on the spot of our former cantonment. In the mean while, General Smith, finding all communication intercepted, marched with his division towards Poonah. He had no regular cavalry with him, the second of the Madras not having joined, and only 500 of the horse auxiliaries altogether. He was surrounded on his march, on every side, and lost part of his baggage. On the 13th, he arrived at Poonah, and the next day was fixed for the attack on the enemy's camp. The Peishwa's army opposed the passage of the river, which was effected in good order, and Colonel Milne took up his ground for the night on the enemy's right flank. Before day-light next morning, the combined attack was commenced; but the

camp was deserted: the Peishwa and his army had quietly retired during the night, leaving the tents standing. He carried off all his guns except one of an enormous size, which he was obliged to leave behind him. The city surrendered during the day,—and on the 19th, General Smith prepared for the pursuit of the fugitive Peishwa.

Appoo Saib, the Nagpoor Rajah, gave us similar employment. No sooner were the hostile designs of Bajee Row known at Nagpoor, than he came at once to the resolution of making common cause with the head of the Mahratta enterprise, nor did the news of the affair at Poonah abate his preparations. He was, however, long vacillating from one side to the other. But, in the public interviews between the Rajah and our resident Mr. Jenkins, there was the accustomed cordiality. Appoo Saib even affected to blame Bajee Row for his treachery. But, upon the night of the 24th of November, Mr. Jenkins was informed that a *khilat* (a dress of honour) had arrived for the Rajah from Poonah, and that his highness intended to go in state to his camp the next day, to be formally invested with it, and to assume the *juree putka* (golden streamer), an emblem of high command in the Mahratta armies, which, with the title of *Senaputtee*, the Peishwa had conferred upon him. Remonstrance was of no avail, and Mr. Jenkins called in the brigade from its cantonment, about three miles west of the city, to post it in the best attitude for defence of the Residency. On the 26th, symptoms of hostility became still more manifest; large masses of the Rajah's cavalry began shewing themselves on all sides, and every gun was wheeled out of the arsenal, and brought to bear upon some part of our position. Our force at Nagpoor consisted of two battalions of native infantry, (but both had been reduced by sickness,) with the two companies forming the President's escort, three troops of Bengal cavalry, and a detachment of artillery with four six-pounders, the whole under the command of Lieut. Col. Scott.

'The Residency,' says Mr. Prinsep, 'lies to the west of the city of Nagpoor, and is separated from it by a small ridge running north and south, having two hills at its extremities, called the Seetabuldee hills, about 380 yards apart. That to the north was the higher, but the smaller of the two; upon it were posted 300 men of the 24th N. I., with one of the six-pounders under the command of Captain Sadler. The 20th and the escort were stationed on the larger hill, with the rest of the 24th and of the artillery; and the three troops of cavalry in the grounds of the Residency, with some light infantry to keep off the hovering horse of the enemy, but under orders not to advance into the plain against them. The women and valuables were lodged at the Residency.'

‘ At sunset of the 26th of November, as our picquets were placing, they were fired upon by the Rajah’s Arab infantry. Immediately afterwards, his artillery opened on our position, and was answered by us from the hills. Our men were much exposed, particularly those on the smaller hill, whose summit was not broad enough to afford any protection. There was also a bazar to the north-east of this hill, that approached close to its foot; here were posted the Rajah’s Arab infantry, which kept up a galling fire from under cover of the huts and houses, which cut up our people most severely. The firing did not cease with the day-light, but continued with little intermission till about two in the morning, by which time we had sustained a very heavy loss, particularly on the smaller hill, where some assaults were attempted and repulsed with difficulty. Captain Sadler was killed in the defence of this important point.

‘ After two o’clock, there was an intermission of the enemy’s fire for some hours, with only now and then an occasional shot. Our troops availed themselves of it, to strengthen their position, and make up fresh cartridges. This was an awful moment for those who were at leisure to calculate upon the prospects of the morrow. We had already suffered much; and if the attack were renewed with tolerable perseverance, it was quite manifest that our troops, however well they might behave, must in the end be overpowered; and this seemed to be their design. From the unavoidable haste with which the position on the Seetabuldee hills had been occupied, as well as the want of entrenching tools, no artificial defences had been added to the natural strength of the place. This omission was now remedied in the best manner the time would allow, by placing along the exposed brow of the hills, especially of the smaller one, sacks of flour and wheat, or any thing capable of affording cover to the men. It was also deemed proper to confine the defence of the latter to the summit, many men having been lost from being placed in exposed situations on the declivity. The 24th were also relieved early in the morning by a detachment from the 20th, and by the escort, to whom was entrusted the defence of this important post, the key of the whole position.

‘ At day-break, the fire recommenced with more fury than before, additional guns having been brought to bear during the night. The enemy fought with increasing confidence, and closed upon us during the forenoon. The Arabs were particularly conspicuous for their courage, and to them had been entrusted the assault of the smaller hill. *Goles* of horse also shewed themselves near the grounds of the Residency, so as to oblige Captain Fitzgerald, who commanded the cavalry, to retire further within, in order to prevent any sudden coup-de-main in that quarter. About ten in the morning, the accidental explosion of a tumbril on the smaller hill, occasioned some confusion, and so much injured the screw of the gun, as to render it for some minutes unserviceable. The Arabs saw their opportunity, and rushed forward with loud cries to storm the hill. Our men were disconcerted, and the smallness of the total force having made it impossible to have a support ready for such an extremity, the hill was carried before the gun and the wounded could be brought off: the latter

were put to the sword. The Arabs immediately turned the gun against our post on the larger hill, and with it, aided by two of their own, opened a destructive fire on our remaining position. The first shot killed Mr. Neven, the surgeon, and Lieut. Clarke of the 20th. The fire was so destructive, as to distress greatly the troops on the larger hill. The Arabs, too flushed with their success, advanced in great numbers along the ridge, while the main body of the enemy in the plain to the south were closing fast. The prospect was most discouraging, and to add to the difficulty of the crisis, an alarm had spread among the Seapoy families and followers, and their shrieks not a little damped the courage of the native troops. They would scarcely have sustained a general assault, which the enemy seemed evidently to meditate.' *Prinsep*. pp. 252—255.

Captain Fitzgerald, who had kept himself in reserve in the Residency grounds, till a couple of guns were actually brought to bear upon him, saw that the case was of the last extremity, and he resolved therefore to charge the gale that was nearest, to capture, if possible, the guns that annoyed him. He himself led the column, and as soon as 30 or 40 men had got over the *mullah* (stream) in front of the Residency, advanced at once upon the enemy, who retired as he advanced, till he had passed the guns, when they made a demonstration of surrounding his small party, upon which he called a halt. The rest of the cavalry had judiciously stopped as they reached the guns, which they instantly turned on the Mahrattas, kept them at a distance by a brisk fire, and captured two more guns, which they spiked, dragging the others back to the Residency. Our men now felt their spirits reviving, and recommenced their firing, watching the opportunity of recovering their smaller gun from the Arabs, which fortunately soon occurred, the explosion of a tumbril having put them into a temporary confusion. Instantly, a party darted from the larger hill, drove the Arabs from the post with the bayonet, and recovered not only our own gun, but captured two others. The tide had now turned. The troops of the enemy gave way on every side, and a brilliant charge was made on them by Cornet Smith, which finally dispersed them, and put us in possession of all their guns. Thus ended a trying and most disproportionate contest, the fatigues and anxieties of which lasted more than eighteen hours. We had not altogether more than 13 or 1400 fighting men; whereas the Rajah had upwards of 10,000 infantry, and an equal number of horse! We lost 333, a fourth part of those engaged.

We have been thus particular in the detail of these two affairs so glorious to the British arms, because the effect they produced, gave the Mahrattas a distrust of themselves, which

was highly favourable to the views of Lord Hastings. Finding their utmost resources baffled by mere detachments, they gave way to despondency, and both Bajee Row and Appoo Saib were sensible of their error when it was too late. The former remained a proscribed and friendless fugitive. Appoo Saib endeavoured to atone for his treachery by the promptitude of his submission; but in vain. A formidable force immediately collected at Nagpoor, and General Doveton, after a long and harassing march, succeeded in enforcing upon the Rajah such terms as would reduce him to a state of entire dependence. His instant surrender being demanded, after some hesitation, he delivered himself up; but the artillery not having been surrendered according to the terms of the treaty, and some new treachery being clearly detected, his camp and artillery were taken by storm, with fifty elephants and all his camp equipage. The city was surrounded, and General Doveton sent for a sufficient battering-train to commence his operations against it, when the Arabs proposed to march out with their families, baggage, and arms,—a proposition which was instantly accepted. Thus, our military operations against the Bhoosla state were brought to a conclusion within a month from the commencement of hostilities. The deposition of Appoo Saib was deemed indispensable as a punishment for his defection at so critical a period, and from a long uniform experience, that he could no longer be entrusted even with the semblance of authority; a member of a remote branch of his family was, therefore, placed on the *Guttee* in his stead.

There are, we are aware, reasoners who are disposed to call into question these summary acts of power, and to examine them by the test of abstract justice. But Bajee Row and Appoo Saib are justly chargeable with a breach of hospitality and a violation of the law of nations, in their attack upon the sacred character of the Residents, which ought to have been respected and held inviolable. With regard to the treachery of secret previous preparation, if we allow a native power the abstract right of deserting our alliance at all, we must concede to him this right also, for, without the one, he could not exercise the other. It is an article in all our subsidiary alliances, that a military force shall be stationed at the capital. Open preparations for war would necessarily be anticipated, and the design frustrated by calling the Resident's force into immediate action against the person of the prince. The treachery, therefore, of the Mahratta chiefs consisted in the mere act of defection; for it is of the essence of the contract, that, although accepted by the native powers for probably a mere present advantage, or to avoid a temporary evil, the con-

tract, if intended to be beneficial, must be intended to be permanent; and for this end, we stipulate for a perpetual connexion; and they bind themselves to this stipulation. The falling off of either of the contracting parties who enter into an obligation, and derive mutual benefit from it, must be deemed an act of treachery,—unless either of them can justify itself, by shewing any default in the execution of it on the part of the other. Neither the Peishwah nor the Rajah had any such plea to urge against the British Government.

We must hastily dismiss the battle of Mehidpoor; but its consequences upon the condition of our affairs in India, by giving the fatal blow to Holkar in particular, and the native powers who were adverse to our authority, are so important, and the transaction itself is so brilliant in a military point of view, that we cannot pass it over entirely. No sooner had the news of the Peishwa's defection spread abroad, than the first impulse of Holkar's sirdars was, to march instantly southward, to rally round the legitimate head of the Mahratta nation. They made every effort to collect the dispersed infantry of Holkar's establishment; and before the 28th of November, twenty-three additional battalions had joined the line of march. They were joined by Chetoo with a considerable force, when Sir John Malcolm thought it expedient to effect a junction with the division of Sir Thomas Hislop. The two divisions met on the 12th of December, and advanced on the 14th, towards Holkar's camp at Mehidpoor. On the morning of the 21st, the British army again advanced. In answer to some attempts to negotiate, Sir Thomas Hislop was told, that the sirdars were resolved on abiding the result of an action. On approaching Mehidpoor, the enemy were found drawn up in line on the opposite side of the Soopra. It was determined to attack him in front immediately, though his right was protected by a deep ravine, and his left by a bend of the river and a deserted village. The passage was soon effected; but the enemy were so superior in artillery, that our guns were soon silenced, and our loss was at first severe. The troops, however, advanced with great steadiness, reserved their fire, and trusted to the bayonet. Meanwhile, the cavalry had turned the enemy's right, and made a dreadful slaughter of the infantry, who had already given way. Holkar's camp and artillery were soon in our hands, and the enemy fled towards Rampoora. An immense booty was captured. Eight elephants and several hundred camels were brought in by the Mysore horse. Our loss amounted to 174 killed, and 604 wounded.

These important operations have necessarily caused us to lose sight of the Pindarrees. It is sufficient, however, to state,

that the expeditions sent out against them had similar results. Their different bands were wholly dispersed, taken, or killed, and their several leaders either perished, or threw themselves on the mercy of the British Government. Thus, in one short campaign, the comprehensive plans of the Governor-General had been carried into execution. India was delivered from the destructive ravages of a ferocious band of military robbers, and from the intrigues and conspiracies of the Mahratta princes, who had long cherished and protected them, as the means of shaking off our authority.

The principal feature of the new arrangements, is the incorporation of the Peishwah's territory within our dominions, with the reservation of lands yielding 16 lacs of rupees, which now form a distinct sovereignty for the Rajah of Sattarah, whom we have elevated to the authority of the exiled Peishwah. This man was a descendant of the ancient family, which had been deposed for fifty years, and was now re-established under our patronage and protection. Of this measure, although a net revenue of 50 lacs has accrued from it to the British Government, we consider the policy to be extremely doubtful, and the injustice to be equally manifest. Neither a moral nor a political right to the Peishwah's dominions can be said to have inhered in the Sattarah family. They were themselves descended only from an unprincipled freebooter, who had waded through blood to the throne; and they were in like manner deposed from it by the Peishwah, who claimed and held by no other right than the sword. As an act of pure benevolence, there is something in the idea of employing great power in raising the fallen fortunes of a prostrate house, which is soothing to the heart, and captivating to the imagination. But the less romantic and less shewy office of meliorating the condition, and augmenting the happiness of a whole nation, would have been more becoming the greatness of our Government, than the childish philanthropy of removing one barbarian to make way for another. The resources which the Peishwah's overthrow had thrown into our hands, would, perhaps, in the course of a few years, have enabled us to communicate to the degraded tribes of those immense districts, the unspeakable benefits of Christianity, and its surest fruits, morality and habits of settlement and of industry.

Half the territory of the Nagpoor Rajah was ceded to the British Government, and along with it, the acknowledged right of a political interference with the administration of the remainder. The unprovoked aggression of Holkar furnished us with a plea for disposing of his dominions; and accordingly, the bulk of them was bestowed upon the Rajahs of Kotah and

Bundee. These cessions reduced its revenue to 20 lacs of rupees. Independently of these conditions, Holkar's court was compelled to receive a subsidiary force within its territories, and to maintain a contingent of 13,000 horse at the call of the British Government. Thus, the most formidable enemy of our authority, the power which, in 1804, over-ran our territory, baffled the most rapid marches of our armies, and almost compelled us to sue for peace,—has been at last reduced to the humblest vassalage. The Rajah of Bopâl was received into the circle of our protection. From the Rajapoot states, we demanded a tribute as the price of our support. They were restricted from forming any other political connexion, and pledged to refer all their disputes to the arbitration of our government,—a practice borrowed from the ancient Romans, (no very honourable precedent,) 'who adopted it,' says Montesquieu*, 'to deprive the vanquished country of all military power.' Jeypoor avowed a strong reluctance to the alliance; and it was only the approach of Sir David Ochterlony's army to the capital, that induced the Rajah to accede to it. We enter our hearty protestation against this arbitrary exercise of power. If we were negotiating with an independent state, (and negotiation implies the right of dissent in one party to the propositions of the other,) the advance of the division was a monstrous and indefensible procedure. The introduction of our power into those states has, in our view of the question, tarnished the glories of the war, which was strictly defensive; and it was also a departure from the magnanimity and dignified forbearance with which we conducted it. To demand a tribute from them, because it had been antecedently extorted from them by the Mahrattas, is to invest ourselves with the character of those lawless leaders, and to adopt the unjust and violent spirit of their policy. It is pretended by Mr. Prinsep, (who is a courtly writer, composing his narrative amid the beams of Calcutta patronage,) that this policy was adopted, because the Rajapoot states were too feeble to protect themselves. But how stands the case? At this period, the powerful force of Ameer Khan had been crushed, and it was that force which principally preyed upon the petty states of Rajapootana. Their other dangers were averted, for the Pindarrees were destroyed. Thus there remained no predatory power to disturb Central India, and all the protection they wanted, would have been imparted to them by admitting them into the circle of our alliances. They would then have retained their

* "*Grandeur et Décadence*," c. 6.

independence, of which, though little more than nominal, the very name is so dear to every state, large or small. But the introduction of an armed force into their country, left them hopeless and dispirited. With Scindiah, our relations remain nearly in the same state. He is now the only independent power in India; but his influence is considerably narrowed.

Such is the massy edifice of power, which the British have erected in that country. A chain of subsidiary alliances with the native princes,—the possession of their capitals as a security for their engagements, and the appropriations of territory to defray the expense of our forces,—have rendered all the native states dependents of our power. The enlarged and comprehensive system which the genius of Lord Wellesley only contemplated, has been executed by Lord Hastings; and the mighty sway of the Moghul emperors of Delhi has been transferred to the British Government. We have endeavoured, within the compass of this article, to present our readers a general outline of events, the details of which lie scattered over a great many volumes, that they may form some correct idea of the immense empire established by our arms and our policy. The campaign which has lately terminated, was not an aggressive attack on a state or body of men, but upon a system of anarchy and plunder, which was inconsistent with the repose and safety of social life. We trust, that this is the last struggle that we shall be called on to make with the native powers. What enemies can we have, if we exercise our supremacy with moderation, and shew the distracted people who inhabit those wasted provinces, that our victory is that of humanity and civilization over disorder, rapine, and tyranny? Peace and settlement within the frontier, will secure us from danger without; and obligations more binding than treaties or conventions, will preserve the fidelity of all who are subject to our dominion,—the adamant chains of gratitude and affection. In the progress of time, nations as well as individuals are weaned from their habits; and it requires no very urgent persuasions to win over mankind from a state of wretchedness and desolation to the benefits of repose and happiness. Beneficent enough to afford protection, strong enough to punish revolt, we shall be obeyed so long as respect for our authority is mingled with the obedience which is paid to it. There is no holding of extensive rule and enormous empire on other terms. All the rest of the science of government is fraud and imposture. Man is not to be governed solely through his fears. The doctrine has expired with the Machiavels and the Borgias, and the other doctors of that exploded school. While these maxims are revered, the British empire in India will be a

magnificent and pleasing spectacle of contemplation. For what can fill the mind with more delightful ideas, than the example of an enlightened conqueror employed in the work of conciliation and kindness, and hushing into stillness the tumultuous fury of the passions by which so many districts, fitted up by Providence for the use and sustentation of his creatures, have been turned into deserts?

Mr. White's volume adverts to other topics on which we cannot now enter, but they will claim a distinct notice in connexion with other works now on our table.

Art. VI. *Tactica Sacra*. An Attempt to develope, and to exhibit to the Eye by Tabular Arrangements, a general Rule of Composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Thomas Boys, A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge: Curate of Widford, Herts. 4to. pp. 94. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE Bible is the religion of Protestants,' and they do well to assert its sufficiency, and to contend for their own competency to examine its contents. The cunningly devised fable of an authorised living Interpreter of the Scriptures, is an imposture which can be successful only where ignorance prevails, and where the terrors of superstition hold the mind in bondage. Before the light of truth, and under the tests to which the light that makes manifest, subjects all questions, that splendid dogma of Popes, and Councils, and Antichristian churches, is detected to be a base and odious fabrication, which every reasonable creature is bound to reject with abhorrence. But if it is contrary to every sacred obligation for a Christian to support, in any measure, or by any means, such an imposition, so, would it be utterly unworthy of a Christian to apprehend danger from the most extensive diffusion of the Scriptures. To circulate them, to employ the best means for the incorruptible preservation of them, to suggest the modes which may most facilitate the understanding of them, and most effectually promote the practical influence of the principles which they embody, are duties of the first importance. We rejoice in the circulation which the Scriptures have obtained, and confidently expect the enlargement of the boundaries which at present limit their diffusion; but at the same time we are apprehensive that Scriptural knowledge has not advanced equally with the increasing circulation of the Bible. The work before us is intended by its Author to assist the student of the sacred Volume in the intelligent and profitable perusal of it; with which design before him he ad-

dresses the following monitory sentences to his readers, which we may be doing well to place in the way of ours.

‘ I know there are persons who will be disposed to regard the sort of discussions which the present work contains, as uninteresting and unprofitable. They want something that will excite devotional feeling ; and unless they can have this, they think their souls cannot receive benefit. I wish to speak of such sentiments with respect, for they do not entirely differ from my own. As far as this at least, we are of one mind ; that unless there be in the heart the feeling and the spirit of devotion, all that can be done in the way of enlightening our understandings, may leave us in a state of spiritual death. Yet I apprehend, that where there is the spirit of devotion, there it is of the first importance to inform the mind ; otherwise we can only look for a zeal that is not according to knowledge : and not only this ; but that where there is not the spirit of devotion, there instruction upon points of fact and argument is often made the means of giving it. Devotion is the flame ; knowledge, doctrine, and sound argument the materials by which it is fed. We must throw on these coarser-looking materials at due intervals ; or the purer and more ethereal flame will soon go out. You delight in your Bible. You find nothing so edifying as the reading of that Sacred Book. Give me leave to ask then, When your Bible is before you, do you always know what you are reading about ? I venture to answer, No. You understand single verses and sentences ; or can make out their meaning by the help of Commentators. But of the general bearing and tendency of what you are reading, the topics which the Sacred Writer means to urge, the drift of the passage, in a word, what it is about, you are often ignorant.’

The discussions contained in the work of Mr. Boys, relate to the Parallelisms of the Scriptures, an attention to which he deems essential to the correct and full appreciation of their excellence as compositions, and even necessary for the complete development of their meaning : his direct object is the application of the doctrine of Parallelisms to the text of the New Testament, in certain connected portions of which he has exemplified the rules which he supposes to have guided the original writers in the construction of their works. Of this doctrine, it may be necessary for us to give some account for the information of a few of our readers.

Parallelism, which Bishop Lowth imagines originated in the alternations of responsive hymns in the sacred music of the ancient Hebrews, and which he considers as a distinctive form of Hebrew poetry, is the subject of his nineteenth prælection, and is treated still more largely in his preliminary dissertation prefixed to his Translation of Isaiah. The subject had not escaped the notice of Michaelis, who has given some additional examples of Parallelism in his Notes on Lowth's Præ-

lections. The importance which the Bishop attaches to the doctrine of Parallelism, may be inferred from his remarking, that the errors of translators and commentators are in many instances to be attributed less to other causes, than to their inattention to this peculiarity of construction. As a character of style, and in respect to the interpretation of the poetical parts of the Old Testament, Lowth defines Parallelism as consisting in the correspondence of one line with another. 'When a proposition is delivered, and a second is subjoined to it, or drawn under it, equivalent, or contrasted with it in Sense; or similar to it in the form of Grammatical Construction; these,' he adds, 'I call Parallel Lines; and the words or phrases, answering one to another in the corresponding Lines, parallel Terms.' Parallelisms he distributes into three classes: *Synonymous*, when the lines correspond to one another by expressing the same sense in different, but equivalent terms; *Antithetic*, when two lines correspond to one another by an opposition of terms and sentiments; and *Synthetic* or Constructive, distinguished by a correspondence and equality between different propositions. Of each of these several kinds we shall give an example or two.

1. *Synonymous*. " When Israel went out from Egypt;
 " The house of Jacob from a strange people:
 " Judah was as his sacred heritage;
 " Israel his dominion.
 " The sea saw, and fled;
 " Jordan turned back:
 " The mountains leaped like rams;
 " The hills like the sons of the flock."
2. *Antithetic*. " A wise son rejoiceth his father;
 " But a foolish son is the grief of his mother."
 " The memory of the just is a blessing;
 " But the name of the wicked shall rot."
3. *Synthetic*. " The law of JEHOVAH is perfect, restoring the
 soul;
 " The testimony of JEHOVAH is sure, making wise
 the simple:
 " The precepts of JEHOVAH are right, rejoicing
 the heart;
 " The commandment of JEHOVAH is clear, en-
 lightening the eyes:
 " The fear of JEHOVAH is pure, enduring for ever;
 " The judgements of JEHOVAH are truth, they are
 just altogether."

The doctrine of Parallelism has, however, been more ex-

tensively applied to the illustration of the Scriptures by writers who have followed Lowth; particularly by Bishop Jebb in his "Sacred Literature," and by the Author whose publication is now under our notice. The former undertakes to shew, that the forms of construction which have been remarked in the Old Testament, are preserved in the quotations introduced into the New; and advancing through a series of proofs to the original passages of the Christian Scriptures, he established himself in the position, that the compositions of the Old and New Testaments have a common structure and character, the one as well as the other being distinguished by the application of the rules of Parallelism. Mr. Boys, improving on his predecessors, applies those principles which they have applied to short passages, to long ones, and he arranges chapters and whole epistles as they arrange verses.

In the preceding specimens of Synonymous and Antithetic Parallelism, the second line of each couplet contains a reference of some sort to the first, the sentiment of the one being either varied in the other, or followed by an opposite expression; and in both cases, the couplet may be resolved into a *quatrain*, or stanza of four members, in which the third line corresponds to the first, and the fourth to the second.

" " When Israel
 " Went out from Egypt;
 " The house of Jacob
 " From a strange people :"
 " " A wise son
 " Rejoiceth his father;
 " But a foolish son
 " Is the grief of his mother."

Sometimes, the passage admits of being arranged in a greater number of members, and the parallelism may then be called *continuous*. This minuteness of subdivision Mr. Boys considers as very useful in the application of the principle in respect to large portions of Scripture. Of this kind of Parallelism, we copy the following example.

" " a. I planted,
 b. Apollos watered,
 c. But God made to grow.
 a. So that neither he who planteth is any thing,
 b. Nor he who watereth,
 c. But God who maketh to grow."

the members of this passage thus arranged severally answering, a to a., b to b., c. to c.'

In "Sacred Literature," a species of Parallelism is described, varying somewhat from the preceding. In this kind, the

stanzas are so constructed, 'that, whatever be the number of lines, the first line shall be parallel with the last; the second with the penultimate; and so throughout, in an order that looks inward, or, to borrow a military phrase, from flanks to centre. This may be called the *introverted parallelism*.' This introverted form of composition, Mr. Boys has selected as the most important, and enters into the consideration of it at great length, advancing from the most simple instances of the construction, to the most complex examples of its use, after the following manner.

- " a. Follow not that which is evil,
 b. But that which is good.
 b. He that doeth good is of God :
 a. He that doeth evil hath not seen God. 3 John, 11.
 ' Here we have evil in the extreme, and good in the central members.
 " a. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees :
 therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire.
 b. I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance ;
 c. But he that cometh after me is mightier than I,
 c. Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear.
 b. He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.
 a. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

Matthew iii. 10—12.

' Here, in a., the Lord is referred to under the similitude of a hewer of trees; and in a., under that of a winnower of corn. In a., we have the axe, the instrument of the hewer; in a., the fan, the instrument of the winnower. In a., we have the distinction between the good and the bad trees; in a., the distinction between the wheat and the chaff. In a., the unproductive trees are consigned to the fire; and in a., the chaff. In a., we have the immediate danger of the trees, "the axe is laid to their root;" in a., that of the chaff, "his fan is in his hand."

' In c. and c., we have our Lord's superiority to John: in b. and b., the superiority of our Lord's baptism to John's.'

These and other examples from the New Testament, are adduced by the Author, for the purpose of shewing that the introverted form of composition was familiar to the writers of that part of the sacred volume. It occurs, he observes, not only in doctrine and discussion, but in narration and dialogue; not only in passages which may admit of being represented as

A. i. 1, 2. Epistolary.

a. i. 3—10. Thanksgiving.

B. b. i. 11, 12. Prayer.

c. ii. 1—12. Admonition.

a. ii. 13—15. Thanksgiving.

B. b. ii. 16.—iii. 5. Prayer.

c. iii. 6—15. Admonition.

A. iii. 16—18. Epistolary.

It is not necessary to the Author's system of arrangement, that each division of his classification should contain only the subject by which it is defined, exclusive of every other sentiment and reference; it is sufficient for his purpose, that the title designates the leading topics; and that it does so mark the leading topic, he is at great pains to shew. There may be digressions from the direct and principal topic in the corresponding members, but they depend on it, are introduced by it, and again conduct to it.

The details which we have given, will enable our readers to comprehend the nature of the arrangements which Mr. Boys recommends to the examination of the Christian student, as a peculiarity of the style of the New Testament writers. To enter more largely into the explanation of the acute investigations which he has here presented to the public, would require more room than would be convenient. There is, necessarily, great minuteness in his details; and it is only by an extensive induction of particulars, that the principles which he asserts can be satisfactorily illustrated. The Author appears to be very solicitous that his principles should be circulated and examined; and we shall be happy to give effect to his wishes, if our account of his book and of its curious and interesting contents, can prove the means of aiding his design.

A work may, however, be both curious and interesting, and yet the question of its utility may remain to be determined. Granting to the Author the reality of the arrangement which he contends for as existing in the New Testament writings, (and we are certainly of opinion that, whatever may be the character of some of the statements and arguments on which he has, in part at least, depended, in conducting his evidence to its close, he has shewn the connexions and relations which constitute the parallelisms for which he pleads, to be real,) what benefit, it may still be asked, is to be derived from the knowledge of the Author's discoveries? Could we admit his own estimate of the value of the results and inferences deducible from the conclusions which he has endeavoured to establish, the utility of the Author's labours would appear to be indeed transcendent. 'As often,' he exclaims, 'as we repeat the word

'Parallelism, we toll the knell of infidelity. At the very sound of Parallelism, let the host of the Philistines tremble in their tents. Parallelism opens upon them from an unobserved and inaccessible eminence, that commands and rakes their whole position.' The results which would justify such language as this, should certainly possess no subordinate character of excellence and practical value. The Author seems to be aware, that, in the present work, there are not many instances in which he has, by the application of parallelism, illustrated the sense, fixed the doubtful meanings, or decided the controverted points of the New Testament.

'Many such instances,' he states, 'I am prepared to give. I apprehend, however, that in offering them in the first instance, I should be going off my ground. The first object is, to establish the fact; to prove the prevalence in the Sacred Writings of this larger kind of parallelism, which includes passages of considerable length and whole Epistles. Then come the minor parallelisms, which form the members of the larger. And lastly come the results and inferences, the facts being previously established. When I consider the importance of these results, thought and language fail me.'

Our calculations are certainly not of this lofty character. Some advantages may probably be obtained from the more complete examination of the Scriptures by the application of the rules in question; order, connection, and emphasis, may be more fully displayed, and more satisfactorily illustrated; but that such essential services can result from it to the cause of truth, as those of which the Author dreams, we are not prepared to anticipate. We must, however, wait for his further communications.

Art. VII. *Typographia, or the Printer's Instructor*; including an Account of the Origin of Printing, with biographical Notices of the Printers of England, from Caxton to the Close of the Sixteenth Century: a Series of Ancient and Modern Alphabets, and Domesday Characters: together with an Elucidation of every Subject connected with the Art. By J. Johnson, Printer. With portraits and other engravings on wood. 2 pocket vols. pp. 1328. Price 30s. London. 1824.

THE Bibliomaniac rage has, we hope and believe, materially subsided within these last few years, and it is creditable to the sobered judgement of our book-collectors, that it should be so. Like most other false tastes, it rose rapidly to the very height of absurdity, before its evil tendency was at all apparent. Not that we are unable duly to appreciate the motives of those who are employed to purchase for our public libraries, as

well as of many of the nobility and other opulent individuals, whose extensive and splendid collections have become an ornament to their country. Their anxiety to possess what is rare, even at an extravagant cost, is at least pardonable, if not entitled to commendation; although even as to them, we have often doubted, whether the single qualification of rarity, in the total absence of every species of intrinsic merit or exterior beauty, has warranted the extraordinary, the *ridiculous* prices we have seen given for such articles at book auctions. Take for example, an old Play or Poem, which, if remarkable for any thing, was perhaps so only on account of its indelicacy;—it has become scarce by some adventitious circumstance,—the destruction of the copies by fire, or their demolition in a preceding age on account of its utter worthlessness;—now, in our judgement, a struggle for the possession of such a thing as this can be called *book-madness*, and nothing else. Yet, for these have we often witnessed the most fierce contention,—and that too among persons even of limited fortunes, who, in order to possess *a gem* or two (as they are called) of this description, have depopulated whole shelves of useful literature, consigning them either to the bookseller or the hammer, to supply the means for acquiring a few leaves only of useless trash, bound, however, it may be, in the gaudiest and most fantastic style. If this taste is to have any existence, we do hope it may be forever confined to that class of persons who, in the homely phrase, are said to possess more money than wit; for, with the judicious, that author's work must ever possess some degree of intrinsic, some *sterling* merit, which can deserve to be purchased by giving for it more than *its weight in gold*. The pictures of Raphael and Corregio, and the sculptures of the early masters, command large sums from the Connoisseur, not merely on account of their rarity and antiquity, but because they likewise possess in themselves excellencies which are obvious to the eye of every beholder of judgement. Let this rule obtain in the article of books, and we shall not lament, but rather rejoice to see commensurate sums so expended by the opulent, because it may be done without that injury to literature in general, which was to be seriously apprehended when the rage appeared to be extending to the middling ranks of society. But, as we before remarked, we do think the evil has in a great measure subsided, and that it will still further correct itself; and we doubt whether the far-famed *Decameron*, if brought to the hammer again, would produce many more hundreds, than it did thousands at the celebrated sale of the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe.

We have been led to these few remarks by perceiving that the in-

teresting little work now under our observation, is dedicated to a society of gentlemen denominated the '*Roxburghe Club*.' These are the very high priests of the idolatry to which we have alluded ! Their names are herein pompously enrolled, the armorial banner of each individual being displayed in a beautifully executed wood engraving, and the pedigree of the president is given at full length, so that posterity cannot err in awarding whatever merit may be due to this redoubtable institution, to the rightful owners.

The Author, Mr. J. Johnson, was, if we mistake not, the person selected to superintend the private printing-press established by Sir Egerton Brydges at his seat, Lee Priory, in Kent, which, from the elegance of the works it produced during its short existence, by far eclipsed its prototype at Strawberry Hill, founded by Horace Walpole. Since the abolition of the dilettanti press at Lee, Mr. Johnson has been established in London, and is celebrated for the peculiar neatness of his printing, and the particular effect he gives to works in which wood-cuts are introduced. The work before us will establish his fame as a printer, and at the same time it is not less creditable to his industry and talents as a compiler and editor. Ames, Palmer, Lewis, Luckombe, Dibdin, Horne, and others, have written voluminously on the disputed origin and the early history of printing, while Smith and Stower have each produced Grammars intended chiefly for those who practice the art. These are the sources from which Mr. Johnson has chiefly drawn his materials, and he has added all that useful practical information which would occur to an intelligent operator during his progress in the business to which his volumes relate.

After a preface, which is somewhat too inflated to bear transcription, the work commences with an enumeration of the arguments of various writers as to the claims of different cities to the honour of having produced the "*Divine Art*." The Author then states his opinion, 'that John Guttenburg, junior, 'was probably the inventor ; John Faust, the promoter ; Peter 'Schoeffer, the improver ; and, though last, yet not least, that 'John Geinsfleisch, or Guttenburgh, senior, produced the first 'printed book.' Mentz and Strasburg have the honour of the invention, the claim of Haerlem being disallowed. The investigation is very interesting, but is too long for a transcript : it concludes thus.

'The following singular remark of Oxonides must be allowed by every candid reader to be strictly founded in truth : "*The art of Printing, which has given light to most other things, hides its own head in darkness.*" Not less curious than the foregoing, is the opinion of

Daanou, who thus expresses himself respecting this divine art: "*We live too near the epoch of the discovery of Printing to judge accurately of its influence, and too far from it to know exactly the circumstances which gave birth to it.*"

Of all the discoveries which have been made, we conceive the reflecting mind will acknowledge that none have tended more to the improvements and comforts of society than that of printing; in truth, it would almost be impossible to enumerate the advantages derived by all professions from the streams of this invaluable fountain, this main-spring of all our transactions in life. It has been justly remarked by a celebrated writer, that, were the starry heavens deficient of one constellation, the vacuum could not be better supplied, than by the introduction of a printing-press.

The more we reflect, the greater becomes our surprise, till at length we are lost in wonder and astonishment, that the art should have lain dormant for so many generations, (when the principle was so universally known,) without being brought into general use: still we may consider it fortunate in other respects; and was, no doubt, ordered for a wise purpose, because, had it received its birth during the dark ages, before civilization began to dawn, it is not improbable, (considering the opposition it at first met with,) but it would have been strangled in its infancy, and consigned to an early tomb! But Providence has ordained it otherwise. The first printers, as though aware of the consequence of too early an exposure, administered an oath of secrecy to their servants; and these deserving individuals indefatigably laboured for the space of twenty years, until the infant, which they had sedulously rocked in the cradle of Industry, arrived at full maturity: then it was that this noble invention filled Europe with amazement and consternation, the powerful blaze of which has proved too much for the whole phalanx of priests, scribes, and their adherents, to extinguish. On finding all their efforts vain, they artfully pretended to turn in its favour, and reported it to be a divine gift, fit only to be exercised in monasteries, chapels, and religious houses; and the printers were courted to fall into their views, several of whom accepted the invitation: but this narrow policy was of short duration; the art spread with too rapid strides to be confined within such circumscribed limits; for as fast as individuals gained a knowledge of the mystery, they commenced the undertaking in different places; by which means those who had till then remained in ignorance, gained a true sense of religion, and the chicanery of the priests, from that period, gradually became more apparent, and has sunk into comparative insignificance, during the progress of the glorious Reformation.

Viewing the subject in its proper light, can we too highly prize that art, which has, and ever must continue (in opposition to all attempts to shackle it) not only to amuse and instruct the young; but also to cheer and console the aged, while journeying to the close of this vale of tears? It is much to be regretted, that many of those on whom Providence has so profusely lavished her bounty, should withhold their assistance to the labourers in this vineyard: in short,

this art, above all others, justly deserves to be encouraged ; because from it we derive almost every intellectual comfort which man can boast on this side the grave.

‘ In order sufficiently to appreciate this inestimable treasure, let us glance our eyes over the page of History during the dark ages, before it pleased the Allwise Creator, in his bountiful goodness, to bestow upon mankind this invaluable blessing, and contrast their situation with the present state of society. Must not the mind be filled with admiration of the Author of Nature, for thus condescending so essentially to benefit his undeserving creatures ? By means of the press, curiosity is roused ; the mind is expanded ; it no longer groans under the oppression of Ignorance and Folly—Vice and Virtue are depicted in their true colours ; and Cruelty and Oppression are ever held up to the scorn and detestation of the world : in a word, the harvest is now complete. It is not one country alone that has to boast of this distinguished blessing, its influence is felt by the whole civilized globe ; all partake of its advantages, and all should acknowledge the great obligation to their Maker, by promoting Christianity and the glory of God.’ Vol. I. pp. 76—8.

After this eulogy on his art, the Author reviews the progress of Printing in Britain, giving biographical sketches of the early printers Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, &c. and their portraits, devises, and monograms, beautifully cut in wood. The titles, dates, and full and interesting descriptions are given of the works which issued from their presses, arranged in chronological order. This portion of the work, which appears to have been executed with great care, cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the Bibliographer. From the press of De Worde, the number of articles thus described is not less than four hundred and ten ! The honour of having been the first printer in England, is satisfactorily awarded to Caxton ; the opposing claim of Oxford to that distinction being disallowed after a full and impartial investigation. The title of the University rested upon the vague authority of one Richard Atkyns, who, in the year 1664, published a thin quarto volume in order to prove that the art had been practised in Oxford as early as the year 1468, which is three or four years prior to the received date of the erection of Caxton’s press in the Abbey Church of St. Peter’s, Westminster, and six years before the date (1474) affixed to “ *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*,” which is considered to have been the first book printed in England with a date. “ *The Historyes of Troye*” is considered to be the first book printed in the English language ; this is ascertained to have been executed by Caxton in Germany, in 1471, he having translated the same from a French version previously printed by him, which is admitted to

have been his first essay. Atkyns's veracity appears to be very questionable, for he had a law-suit depending with the Stationers' Company, at the time of publishing his "*Original and Growth of Printing*," which suit would in some degree be influenced by the agitation of the question. Accordingly, he brought forward a book bearing date at Oxford in 1468, entitled "*Exposicio Sancti Jeronimi in Simbolum Apostolorum ad Papum Laurentium*;" and he endeavoured to establish this proof of priority, by a document said to have been obtained from the Registry of the See of Canterbury at Lambeth, wherein it was affirmed, that the printer, Frederick Corsellis, had been seduced over to this country through the authority of the king, by whom he was established at Oxford. This argument is refuted by supposing an error to have been made in the date of the "*Exposicio*," of 1468 for 1478; a blunder by no means uncommon in the infancy of printing. Of this mistake, Atkyns is thought to have taken advantage, and to have bolstered up his theory either by forging the document said to have been discovered at Lambeth, or by giving it an existence it never possessed. This part of the controversy remains in doubt, for no such document seems ever to have been seen or heard of by any one save Mr. Atkyns, and his supporters are compelled to assume that it was destroyed in the great fire at London, which, unfortunately for it and them, occurred soon after its supposed discovery! Copies of the "*Expositio*" which has occasioned all this controversy, are extant, one of which may be seen in the public Library of Cambridge.

The origin and history of copper-plate and wood engraving are detailed, in which investigation the Author has made great use of the valuable works of Mr. Otley and Mr. Dibdin.

The second volume is entitled the "*PRINTER'S INSTRUCTOR*." It contains every species of information necessary for the operative printer, and many of the remarks will be equally useful to 'those who write for the press.' It is, moreover, illustrated by alphabets in all characters and languages. Those denominated Doomsday contractions occur, we believe, for the first time in this work; and they cannot but be considered as an acquisition to those who have to decipher old documents; particularly to writers upon subjects of early topography, wherein these puzzling abbreviations frequently occur.

We shall subjoin an extract or two, to shew the manner in which the Author has accomplished this useful division of his work.

• **POINTS.**—Points are not of equal antiquity with printing, though, not long after its invention, the necessity of introducing stops or pauses in sentences, for the guidance of the reader, brought forward the colon and full-point, the two first invented. In process of time, the comma was added to the infant punctuation, which then had no other figure than a perpendicular line, proportionable to the body of the letter. These three points were the only ones used till the close of the fifteenth century; when Aldus Manutius, a man eminent for the restoration of learning, among other improvements in the art of printing, corrected and enlarged the punctuation, by giving a better shape to the comma, adding the semi-colon, and assigning to the former points a more proper place: the comma denoting the smaller pause, the semi-colon next, then the colon, and the full-point terminating the sentence. The notes of interrogation and admiration were not added till many years after.

• These points are allowed to answer all the purposes of punctuation, though some pedantic persons have suggested the propriety of increasing them, by having one below the comma, and another between the comma and semi-colon. So far are we from imagining that such an introduction will meet with encouragement, that we confidently expect to see the present number diminished, by the total exclusion of the colon, a point long since considered unnecessary, and now but seldom used.

• Perhaps there never existed on any subject among men of learning, a greater difference of opinion, than on the true mode of punctuation, and scarcely can any two people be brought to agree in the same method; some making the pause of the semi-colon where the sense will only bear a comma; some contending for what is termed stiff pointing, and others altogether the reverse.

• The want of an established rule in this particular is much to be regretted. The loss of time to a compositor, occasioned often through whim or caprice, in altering points unnecessarily, is one of the greatest hardships he has to complain of in the progress of his profession.

• Scarcely nine works out of ten are sent properly prepared to the press; either the writing is illegible, the spelling incorrect, or the punctuation defective. The compositor has often to read sentences of his copy more than once before he can ascertain what he conceives the meaning of his author, that he may not deviate from him in the punctuation; this retards him considerably. But here it does not end—he, and the corrector of the press, though perhaps both intelligent and judicious men, differ in that in which few are found to agree, and the compositor has to follow either his whim or better opinion. The proof goes to the author—he dissents from them both, and makes those alterations in print, which ought to have rendered his manuscript copy correct.

• Some compositors do not possess so perfect a knowledge of punctuation as others; to such the hardship becomes greater; the loss of time to them will be very considerable. The author should, in the first instance, send his copy properly prepared to the press.

He must be the most competent judge of the length and strength of his own sentence, which the introduction of a point from another might materially alter, a circumstance not uncommon, as instances have occurred where a single point has completely reversed the meaning of a sentence.

* The late Dr. Hunter, in reviewing a work, had occasion to censure it for its improper punctuation. He advises authors to leave the pointing entirely to the printers, as from their constant practice they must have acquired a uniform mode of punctuation. We are decidedly of this opinion; for unless the author will take the responsibility of the pointing entirely upon himself, it will be to the advantage of the compositor, and attended with less loss of time, not to meet with a single point in his copy, unless to terminate his sentence, than to have his mind confused by commas and semi-colons placed indiscriminately in the hurry of writing, without any regard to propriety. The author may reserve to himself his particular mode of punctuation, by directing the printer to point his work either loosely or not, and still have the opportunity of detecting in his proofs, whether a misplaced point injures his sentence. The advantage resulting from this method would ensure uniformity to the work, and remove in part from the compositor a burthen which has created no small degree of contention.'

Vol. II. pp. 54—6.

There is much truth in these observations, though there are doubtless many exceptions to this charge of carelessness in authors. One instance we well remember in the person of the late veteran Cumberland, whose press copy, when nearly at the age of eighty, seldom bore the marks of erasure or correction. His page was a perfect picture,—pointed with the truest accuracy, written in a fine, bold, even hand, which gave his lines all the advantage of being formed upon a mathematical scale, and his return proofs for press were, as far as related to himself, as free as his manuscript was clear. We have often heard compositors declare that they would as soon compose from his manuscript as from any printed copy they ever saw. The advantages and the rarity of this qualification will, however, further appear from the following remarks.

* **CASTING OFF COPY.**—To cast off manuscript with accuracy and precision, is a task of a disagreeable nature, which requires great attention and deliberation. The trouble and difficulty is much increased, when the copy is not only irregularly written, (which is too frequently the case,) but also abounds with interlineations, erasures, and variations in the sizes of paper. To surmount these defects, the closest application and attention is required; yet at times, so numerous are the alterations and additions, that they not unfrequently baffle the skill and judgement of the most experienced calculators of copy. Such an imperfect and slovenly mode of sending works to

the press (which is generally attended with unpleasant consequences to all parties) cannot be too strongly deprecated by all admirers of the art.' V. II. p. 90.

Upon illegible writing, it is remarked :

' Among men of learning there are some who write after such a manner, that even those who live by transcribing, rather shun than crave to be employed by them : no wonder, therefore, if compositors express not the best wishes to such promoters of printing. But it is not always the capacious genius that ought to be excused for writing in too great a hurry ; for sometimes those of no exuberant brains affect uncouth writing, on purpose to strengthen the common notion that the more learned the man, the worse is his hand writing ; which shews that writing well, or bad, is but a habit with those who can write.' V. II. p. 95. ' Fewer mistakes would be made, were authors to endeavour to render their copy more legible, before they place it in the hands of the printer. It can hardly be expected that the corrector, under whose inspection such a variety of subjects are continually passing, should be able to enter thoroughly into every one of them, and to guess so nicely at the author's meaning when the copy is obscure and unable to afford him any assistance.' Vol. II. p. 142.

' CORRECTING. By correcting, we understand the rectifying of such faults, omissions, and repetitions, as are made by the compositor either through inadvertency or carelessness. And though the term of *corrections* is equally given to the alterations that are made by authors, it would be more proper to distinguish them by the name of *emendations* ; notwithstanding it often happens, that after repeatedly mending the matter, the first conceptions are at last recalled : for the truth thereof none can be better vouchers than compositors, who often suffer by fickle authors that know no end to making alterations, and at last doubt whether they are right or wrong ; whereby the work is retarded, and the compositor greatly prejudiced in his endeavours ; especially where he is not sufficiently satisfied for spending his time in humouring such whimsical gentlemen.' Vol. II. p. 221.

Under the head of ' ANTIENT CHARACTERS AND HIERO-GLYPHICS,' the Author gives a full account of the Rosetta stone, the Sarcophagus of Alexander, and other curious inscriptions. These are illustrated by specimens of the characters ; but, without these specimens, a transcription of the pages would be incomplete. We can therefore only refer to page 319 of Vol II. for an elucidation of this very interesting part of the subject.

The properties of the various presses are detailed, and representations of them are given, even to their most minute parts ; also, the nature and qualities of inks, and the mode of using

them, together with the duty of every member of a printing establishment. Tables of prices, and abstracts from the acts by which the trade is regulated, are also added.

STEREOTYPE AND MACHINE PRINTING. The Author inveighs loudly against these inventions, which, he says, have retarded the improvement of the art, and caused poverty and distress among the regular trade. We do not altogether coincide in opinion with him here. Stereotype printing is, we believe, in a great degree confined to those works which it is of great consequence to the community to have rendered at the cheapest rate possible; for example, Common Bibles, Testaments, Religious Tracts, Spelling Books, and the most generally used of our School Books; and we think that these are far better printed now than they were before the introduction of Stereotype. Upon no other classes of literature will it answer the purpose of the publisher to employ it. It never can compete with the regular press in fine printing, nor, to any great extent, in standard works; because the taste of the public is constantly changing as to the sizes and appearance of such works. It must, therefore, be employed only upon works of which very large impressions are required, and where no alteration is admissible; for stereotype will admit of no improvement in its pages,—a circumstance which must always be fatal to its general adoption. As to the other alleged evil, we are informed that there never was a period in which the presses of this country were more actively employed than the present.

In concluding our examination of Mr. Johnson's volumes, we can honestly pronounce them to be not less creditable to his talents as the compiler, than to his skill as the printer of them. They contain a vast deal of well arranged and interesting information; and, from the variety of types and embellishments employed, they may be adduced as a favourable specimen of the perfection to which the art of printing has been carried. The size, we confess, is too diminutive to please us, for, in consequence of this, the print is of course for the most part very small. The utility of our pocket *Miltons* and *Shakspeares* is obvious enough; but a *History of Printing* is surely not likely to be so close and constant a companion; and if it were, none but a *Dutchman* could accomplish the intention, since, comprising as they do nearly seven hundred pages each, the volumes are of necessity both thick and stumpy,—a most inconvenient pocket companion.

Art. VIII. *The Bible Teacher's Manual* : being the Substance of Holy Scripture, in Questions on every Chapter thereof. By Mrs. Sherwood. Part III. Leviticus and Numbers. 24mo. Map. pp. 96. Price 1s. London. 1824.

The first part of this very useful manual was noticed in a former volume,* with the commendation which it deserved. Its author was a clergyman, whose name there can no longer be any propriety in concealing, since he has ceased to be numbered with the living.—the late Rev. Cornelius Neale, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. His name is known to the public chiefly as the author of a very elegant volume of lyrical poems, which appeared in 1819, and a tragedy entitled *Mustapha*, printed in 1814, which possessed no ordinary merit. He was a man, indeed, of a highly cultivated taste and true poetical feeling ; his mind was richly stored with the treasures of classical erudition, and he combined in himself the scholar, the poet, and the gentleman. Of his critical taste and acumen the pages of this Journal would furnish abundant specimens, did we feel at liberty to specify his contributions. A few years before his death, Mr. Neale took orders ; after which his literary pursuits, if they did not lose their attractions, were made to hold a subordinate place, while he conscientiously addressed himself to the exemplary discharge of his clerical functions. In this point of view, the portion of the present work which he lived to complete, forms an interesting memorial of his zealous and amiable solicitude for the religious improvement more especially of the young, of his sound judgement and unaffected piety.

No person could have been selected better qualified to complete Mr. Neale's plan, than the popular Author of "*Little Henry and his Bearer*" and "*The Fairchild Family*."

'It is remarkable,' says Mrs. Sherwood, 'that although unknown to the Author of Questions on Genesis, and not having received the slightest intimation of his purposes, the Writer of this little volume had formerly commenced an undertaking of the kind, not with a view to publication, but solely for the use of her own family ; and had desisted from the work merely from the pressure of other business. It is, however, very probable, that she might have allowed these other and more secular occupations to have entirely diverted her from this more important concern, had not a voice as it were from the grave, urged her to proceed with the work.'

'There are many persons,' it is added in concluding the preface,

* Vol. XIX. N. S. p. 188.

' who mean well, who have neither time, nor a proper knowledge of Scripture, to enable them to examine a child on the subject of a single chapter; but, with the help of a guide of the nature of this now presented to the public, one child may instruct another, and the subordinate teachers in any school may prepare pupils for the inspection of the superiors; and in this manner a regular system of Biblical instruction may be carried on with little fatigue to the masters and universal benefit to the pupils.'

It can hardly be requisite to give any specimen of the present Part, but we will make room for a short extract.

' Chap. III. 1. With what does this chapter commence?—
A. *The law of the peace-offering.*

' 2. Wherein did the peace-offering differ from other offerings?—
A. *The burnt offerings were wholly consumed on the altar, and the priests had part of the meat offering; but the peace offering was divided between the altar, the priests, and the offerer, and formed a kind of feast, in which the Lord, the priests, and the people met together.*

' 3. What was required respecting the animal which was to form the peace offering? 1.

' 4. Of whom was this animal the emblem?—A. *Of him through whose death peace is made between God and the sinner.*

' 5. Is there any verse in the New Testament which points out this interpretation? *Rom. v. 1, 2.*

' 6. What part was the offerer to take in this sacrifice? 2. *f.*

' 7. By whom was the blood to be sprinkled? 2. *l.*

' 8. Of what doctrine is this sprinkling of the blood the emblem?—
A. *Of the washing of the sinner by the blood of Christ.*

' 9. What part of the animal was burnt on the altar? 3. *l. 4.*

' 10. What were Aaron's sons to do with these parts of the animal? 5.

' 11. What do you learn from this observance?—A. *This observance may probably denote that our inward feelings and affections must be sanctified through the sacrifice of Christ, if we would be accepted by God.*

' 12. If the animal which was to be for the sacrifice was of the flock instead of the herd, what was required of this animal? 6, 7.

' 13. Were the same ceremonies to be attended to respecting this last sacrifice as those before mentioned? 8.

' 14. Which part of the animal was to be burnt? 9, 10.

' 15. What was the priest to do with this? 11.

' 16. Supposing the offering to be a goat, what directions were given? 12, 13, *f.*

' 17. In this case what were the priests to do with the blood? 13. *l.*

' 18. Was any part of the goat to be burnt? 14, 15.

' 19. Who was to burn these parts? 16, *f.*

' 20. For what purpose was this fat to be burnt? 16, *l.*

' 21. What was the use of this offering?—A. *It fed the sacred fire, and typified the satisfaction made for sin by the death of Christ, fat*

being the emblem of fulness, and it being said of him, "in him all fulness dwells."

' 22. How long was this command to be observed? 17.' pp. 8, 9.

If we have any fault to find with this Part, it is that the phraseology is hardly simple enough to be intelligible to a child, and that the Writer is occasionally tempted to spiritualize without any sufficient warrant from the Scriptures. Some objectionable instances occur at page 22.

Art. IX. *The Seats and Causes of Disease investigated by Anatomy*, containing a great Variety of Dissections, and accompanied with Remarks. By John Baptist Morgagni, Chief Professor of Anatomy, and President in the University of Padua. Abridged and elucidated with copious Notes, by William Cooke, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and one of the Secretaries of the Hunterian Society. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 10s. London: 1823.

NO science is less reducible to abstract rules than the science of medicine. An immense range is presented before the student as it relates to objects of research, and after all, his practical success depends upon his own discernment and tact, more than upon any scholastic precepts, or axiomatic deductions from pathological or therapeutic principles. Every new case, it has been said, is a new study; and if this may be said with even an approach to truth, it is obvious that medicine taught merely as a science of semiology, must necessarily be much wanting in a very material part of its elementary organization.

Certain it is, that *post mortem* inspection often gives the direct lie to prior predication, and proves the impotence of nosology in its endeavours to fasten down disease to fixed and unalterable points. A considerable part, indeed, of the improvement which modern medicine lays claim to, consists in, or rather results from, the value it has learned to set upon a minute investigation of morbid structure, and its comparative disregard of abstract or systematic doctrine. To such an extent has this feeling been recently called into exercise, that we may question whether the re-action has not operated too strongly upon the present cultivation of the therapeutic art; whether it has not tended to induce an indisposition towards a just appreciation of those preceptive rules that are deduced from observation and experience. The knowledge of a mere anatomist would fall very far short of that which an efficient practitioner must possess; and when the Dissecting Room is shewn to the student as the only place for the culti-

vation of medical philosophy, he is led into a sort of medical materialism, erroneous in its principles, and mischievous in its results.

In the study of morbid anatomy, the necessity ought ever to be held in recollection, of combining reflection with observation,—comparative with abstract research,—in a word, doctrine with fact; and it is inasmuch as we see this combination successfully arrived at in the work before us, that we chiefly value it as a very important addition to English Medical literature.

The volumes of Morgagni have always been justly regarded as a medical classic; but the form in which they were published, was open to many objections. It has been a constant subject of complaint, that their first translator did not divest them of their exuberant matter, and become the editor of his author's work, instead of giving us a servile transcript. Not having effected this desirable task, he left the undertaking a desideratum, which, after an attentive and critical perusal of the volumes now under notice, we are happy in being able to assure our readers, has been well supplied by the present Editor.

Had Mr. Cooke, however, only selected and arranged the materials furnished him by Morgagni, he would still have left much to be accomplished. But he has done more:—he has corrected the numerous errors, and made up the many deficiencies of his author; he has added considerably from the stores of his own researches, and he has very ably interwoven the late improvements in pathology with the facts presented by the dissector's industry. In the general way, too, we have been pleased with Mr. Cooke's style; it is manly, forcible and scientific. Here and there, indeed, we have detected too much of what our neighbours term *recherché*, in words and phrases, giving to otherwise good writing an air of pedantry. But, upon the whole, we may say with truth, as we do with pleasure, that very few books are sent into the world, with so little to condemn, and so much to commend, as Mr. Cooke's edition of Morgagni's Morbid Anatomy.

Art. X. *A Dictionary of all Religions and Religious Denominations, ancient and modern, Jewish, Pagan, Mahometan, or Christian: Also, of Ecclesiastical History.* To which are prefixed, 1. an Essay on Truth, &c. by the late Rev. Andrew Fuller; 2. On the State of the World at Christ's Appearance, by Mrs. Hannah Adams, original Editor of the Work. And to which are appended, A Sketch of Missionary Geography; with practical Reflections on the whole. By T. Williams. The third London Edition, with the Improvements of the fourth American Edition, and many new Articles. 8vo. pp. xvi. 464. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.

THIS copious title does not promise more than the volume in fact comprises, which is saying much. It will answer, indeed, almost every useful purpose of a theological dictionary; for, though it does not contain all the useless technical definitions of grace, faith, salvation, &c. which are found in such dictionaries, it comprises most of the historical information relating to sects, heresies, councils, and opinions for which they are chiefly valuable. It has evidently cost the Editor great pains and labour, and he has suffered scarcely a denomination or a name of a denomination to escape him. By the aid of Broughton's two volumes folio, and Bishop Grégoire's curious, learned, but strangely inaccurate history of religious sects, Mr. Williams has brought into his alphabetical catalogue, an array of specific varieties of religious opinion, that it might seem to require the skill of a Linnæus to classify. The number of articles, being nearly doubled since the last edition, now amounts to between 900 and 1000; and complete as we believe the collection to be in the main, others, no doubt, might be detected lurking in the by-places of history. For instance, the Motoualies and the Enzairies, two Syrian sects described by Volney, and referred to by Burckhardt and other travellers, have escaped the Editor's notice. Some of the mere *nick-names* might, we should have thought, have been omitted; but the Editor has met a similar objection by the following remarks.

'Some have suggested that all *obsolete* sects might be omitted, and there are works formed on this plan; but it was determined to make this work as complete and comprehensive as possible within the compass of a single volume, and especially to make it useful to readers of ecclesiastical history, ancient as well as modern, where sects are often slightly referred to, and the reader's curiosity excited only, without being gratified. There is also a moral view in which such articles may be of use, as exhibiting the multiplied aberrations of the human mind,—as shewing that, in the church, as well as in the world, there is "nothing new under the sun." The same errors

may be new dressed for the taste of different ages; but truth and error are in all ages the same, and human nature is equally weak and credulous.'

We are by no means of opinion that all the obsolete sects ought to have been omitted; it would materially have diminished the value of the work; but the Editor has done well to reduce the black list of alleged ancient heresies. In order, however, to answer the purpose mentioned in the above extract, that of shewing the identity of error under its successive modifications, something different from a mere alphabetical catalogue would be requisite. A dictionary is by far the most convenient form for reference; but a classification of sects and heresies would be requisite in order to illustrate the natural history of error. Such a work might be made both interesting and useful, if competently executed; but this would require no ordinary power of analysis and philosophical discrimination. One use which such a work as the present dictionary may serve for, is to shew, that neither the Bible nor the Reformation can be with the least truth or reason charged with having given birth to the variety in men's creeds and opinions. This would appear still more strikingly evident, were the points on which all Protestants are substantially agreed, compared with the pre-existing varieties of religious opinion in the Church of Rome. The fact is, that the subdivisions of the Protestant world chiefly relate to church government and discipline; (the Socinians are the most important exception;) whereas the Papists were agreed *only* on the subject of church government. A declaration of the faith common to Protestant orthodox churches, episcopal, presbyterian, and congregational, might have its use.

The outline of Missionary Geography has evidently been drawn up with considerable care, and forms an interesting feature of the work. The population of Brazil is, at p. 428, incorrectly stated at two millions, but the error is corrected in the summary. On the whole, we consider the publication in its present enlarged and corrected form, as entitled to our warm commendation.

Art. XI. *The last Military Operations of General Riego*; also, the Manner in which he was betrayed and treated until imprisoned at Madrid: to which is added, a Narrative of the Sufferings of the Author in Prison. By George Matthewes, first Aide de Camp to General Riego, 8vo. pp. 102. London. 1824.

MR. MATTHEWES attached himself in an evil hour to the falling cause of the Spanish constitutionalists. On

the 4th of October, 1823, he introduced himself to the brave and unfortunate Riego, who had the frankness to declare in the first interview, that he had very few officers on whom he could depend. On the 9th, he tried his sword in a skirmish with the French detachment, and, at the expense of a wound, procured for himself the distinction of being appointed the General's first aide de camp. On the 14th, all was over. The final overthrow of the shattered forces which still acknowledged Riego as their leader, is narrated in the following terms:

'In about an hour afterwards the drums beat to arms; I ran to the stable and bridled my horse, and then called the General, who was much alarmed at the drums beating. We mounted our horses and rode to the field; our cavalry were formed upon the plains on the right, in order to charge the enemy as they advanced; some of our infantry were lying in ambush in the vineyards, and some on the main road ready to form squares. Our Guerilla parties were upon the heights; and as the enemy advanced, they fired in upon them, which had great effect and disordered them very much. But perceiving that our cavalry did not charge them, as they ought to have done, the enemy continued to advance: had our cavalry charged them, we should have dispersed them at the first onset; but their neglecting to do so gave the enemy fresh courage; and finding that our army was disordered, they kept advancing in parties, to make us believe that they were much stronger than they actually were. I am sorry to confess that their stratagem had the desired effect; for on our cavalry seeing them, they shamefully turned round and fled. My poor brave Guerillas kept up a constant fire, until they had not a cartridge left; they were then obliged to throw away their arms, and make their escape as well as they could.'

The sequel is too well known. They were betrayed by the people of the first house in which they sought a lodging, and were ultimately transmitted under a strong guard to Madrid, where they arrived on the 2nd of October. On the 8th of the following month, Riego was basely and cruelly executed by order of the absolute monarch. His poor aide-de-camp was doomed to pay the penalty of a ten days campaign, by a six months solitary incarceration in a gloomy and filthy dungeon, in which it was probably expected and intended, that he should terminate his life. He appears to have been indebted for his liberty to the good offices of Mr. Bowring. Mr. Matthewes appears to be an open-hearted, spirited, rash, impetuous young man, whose talents only want to be rightly directed, and his feelings to be guided into a proper channel, to make him an honour to his profession.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Schleusner's New Testament Lexicon, compressed into the form of a Manual, comprising the whole of his explanations and scripture references; and in general containing every thing necessary for the usual purpose of consultation, as well as for academic instruction. By J. Carey, LL.D. Author of "Latin Prosody made Easy," and other popular school books.

Speedily will be published, a small volume of Plain Sermons, chiefly for the use of Seamen; dedicated by permission to the Right Honourable Viscount Melville. By the Rev. Samuel Maddock, Vicar of Bishop's Sutton, and Ropley, Hants.

Part I. has just been published, price 4s. 6d., of Selections from Horace, with English Notes.

This Work is intended for the Use of Schools, and for those persons who may wish to renew their acquaintance with the Classics; and the chief object is to present to the reader a Selection from the Latin Classical Poets, which shall, within a moderate size, and at a moderate expense, comprise the most important and interesting portions of the works of those elegant and justly admired writers, and which shall at the same time be free from those parts which are not fit to meet the eye of the youthful student. The notes are intended to elucidate the general meaning of the writers, and to fix in the mind of the reader those points, whether historical, geographical, or moral, which are most deserving his notice. A short account of each author is prefixed, with such particulars of the time and circumstances connected with his writings as appeared necessary to illustrate the main purport of them. The female who has been at the pains of acquiring a knowledge of the Latin tongue, may read these Selections with perfect confidence, that she will find nothing that can give a moment's pain to the most delicate and chaste feelings. This Part contains Fifty Odes, Six Satires, Ten Epistles, and the *Ars Poetica*.

The Rev. Miles Jackson, Minister of St. Paul's Church, Leeds, has a new edition of his Sermons nearly ready, in 2 vols. 12mo., in which will be included many new ones.

A poetical work, entitled *The Bar*, is in the press, with Sketches of eminent Judges, Barristers, &c. and with copious notes.

In the press, *The Doctrine of Election*, viewed in connexion with the responsibility of man. By the Rev. William Hamilton, D.D. of Strathblane.

In the press, *Solid Resources for Old Age*, or the means by which the Evening of Life may be rendered both Profitable and Pleasant. By the Author of *Choice Pleasures for Youth*.

In the press, *Advice to Cottagers*; shewing the means by which they may become rich, honourable, useful, and happy. By J. Thornton. 18mo.

Also, *Piety Exemplified in the Lives of Eminent Christians*. Collected from authentic sources, and compiled chiefly for the instruction of youth. By the Rev. J. Thornton. 12mo.

The Gaelic Dictionary, by Mr. Armstrong, that was announced to be published by subscription, and which was destroyed at the late fire at Mr. Moyes's, will be but little delayed by the accident, the publisher having made arrangements for the reprinting the sheets destroyed, at the same time that the other part of the work is going on.

The Rev. Mr. Fry's *History of the Christian Church*, which was nearly ready for publication, and which was destroyed at the late fire, is again at press, and will shortly make its appearance. A new edition of the *Exposition of the Romans*, and *Translation of the Canticles*, is also in the press.

The Rev. J. R. Pitman of the Foundling and Magdalen, will shortly publish a course of Sermons for the Year; containing two for each Sunday, and one for each Holiday; abridged from eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the Service of the Day. For the Use of Schools and Families. In one large volume.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The last Military Operations of General Riego; also the manner in which he

was betrayed and treated until imprisoned at Madrid; to which is added, a Narrative of the Sufferings of the Au-

thor in Prison. By George Mathewes, First Aide-de-camp to General Riego. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Self-Advancement, or Extraordinary Transitions from Obscurity to Greatness; exemplified in the Lives and History of Pope Adrian IV., the Emperor Basil, Rienzi the Tribune, Alexander V., Cardinal Ximenes, Hadrian VI., Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sextus V., Masaniello, Cardinal Alberoni, Doctor Franklin, King of Sweden. Designed as an object of laudable Emulation for the Youthful Mind. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

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Exercises on the Globes and Maps; interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological, Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information, on a New Plan. To which are added, Questions for Examination, designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By the late William Butler. The Tenth Edition. With an Appendix, by which the Stars may easily be known. By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

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My Children's Diary, or the Moral of the Passing Hour: a Tale for Children not under Ten Years of Age. 12mo.

A Dictionary of Latin Phrases; comprehending a methodical digest of the various phrases, from the best Authors, which have been collected in all phraseological works hitherto published; for the more speedy progress of Students in Latin Composition. By W. Robertson, A.M. of Cambridge. A new edition, with considerable additions and corrections. For the use of the middle and upper classes in schools. roy. 12mo. 15s.

MEDICINE.

Principles of Medical Science and Practice. Part I. Physiology. By Hardwicke Shute, M.D. Physician to the General Infirmary, and to the County and City Lunatic Asylum, Gloucester. 8vo. 18s. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on the beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure. By Robert A. Slaney, Esq. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Familiar Illustrations of the principal Evidences and Design of Christianity. By Maria Hack. 18mo. 3s.

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The Question of Christian Missions stated and defended: a Sermon, with particular reference to the recent persecution in the West Indian Colonies. By Richard Winter Hamilton, Leeds. 8vo.

Sermons on the Nature and Offices of the Holy Ghost. By J. Edmondson, A.M. and R. Treffry. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Five Sermons on the Errors of the Roman Catholic Church. Preached in St. Peter's Church, Dublin. By the Rev. Chas. Rob. Maturin. 8vo. 5s.

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